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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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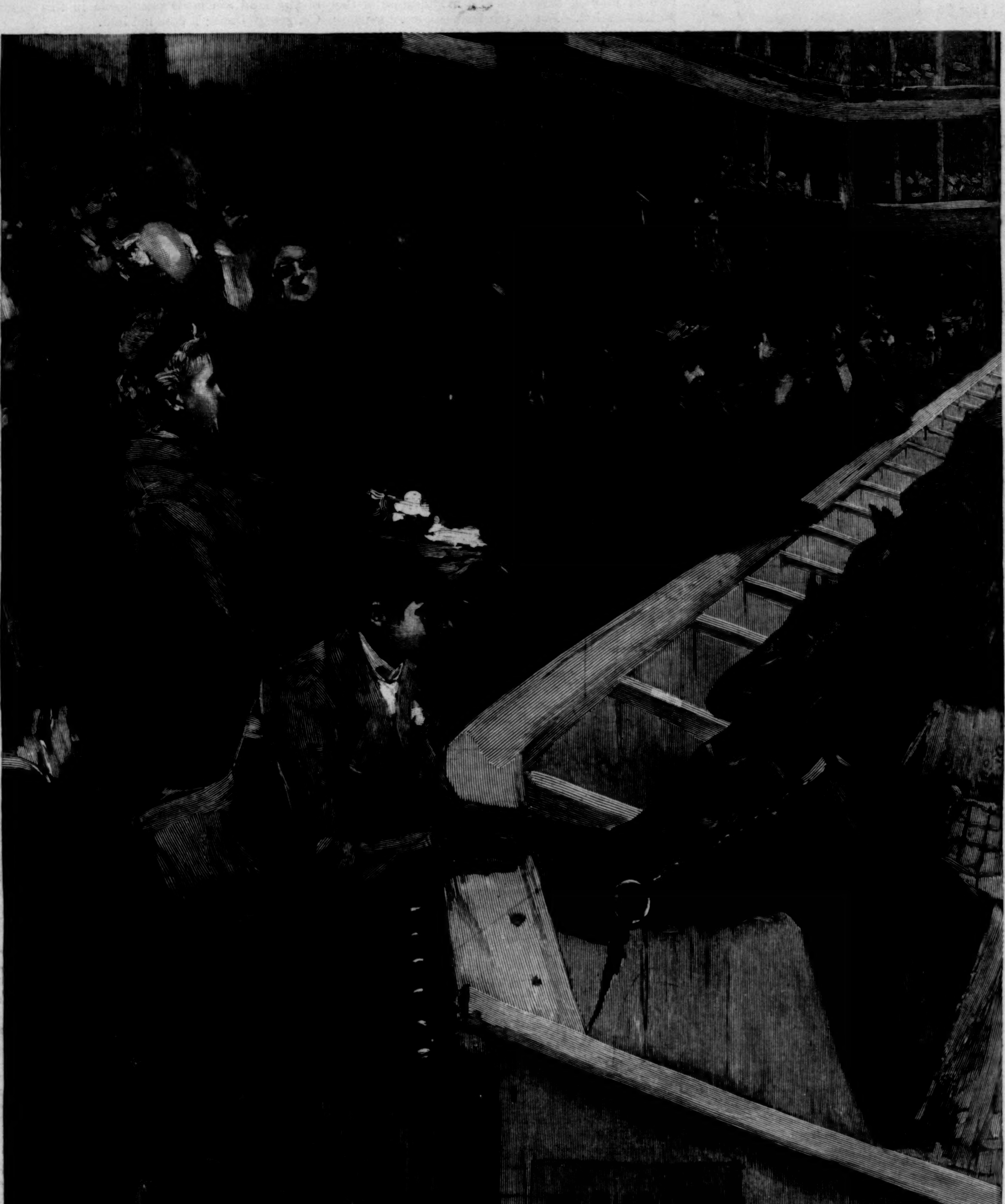

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Thanksgiving, 1890.

HARPER'S BAZAR, No. 49, out this week, contains stories by Hamilton Ormsbee and Bessie Chandler, with full-page illustrations by C. S. Reinhart and A. B. Wenzell; an exquisite front-page picture, "A Girl's Head," by Greuze; "The Old Red Settle by the Fire," an illustrated poem by Hezekiah Butterworth; "Whist as an Intellectual Diversion;" "A New England Thanksgiving;" "What Every Man Ought to Know;" "Artistic Dress;" "Holiday Feasting," and many other papers suitable to the season. Its Fashion articles are profusely illustrated, a feature being reception and visiting costumes directly received from Paris.

No. 1770.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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PROSPECTS.

THE political revolution has naturally produced a great deal of speculation as to the effect upon the Presidential nominations of 1892, and the course of Congress at the approaching session. In New York the result of the election has been to strengthen the hold of Governor HILL upon the Democratic machine, and to give him in the eye of the country more importance as a political figure than he has ever before enjoyed. The election, in fact, leaves the Governor the chief active Democratic manager in the State, and Tammany Hall the chief Democratic organization. Unless the Governor loses his hold he will control largely the delegation to the National Convention, and it may be assumed safely that he and his friends will not be zealous for Mr. CLEVELAND. This probability should be borne in mind. The logic of the situation unquestionably demands the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND by the Democratic party. But practical politics are very illogical, and in nothing more so than in the action of a nominating convention.

At this time it is pretty plain that Mr. CLEVELAND will not have a united delegation from his State. In the situation of the party in New York, this division, under ordinary circumstances, would defeat his nomination. But it now seems probable that the voice of his party in the whole country will be so imperative for him that HILL and Tammany will be obliged to submit. Yet it must not be forgotten that the vote of New York is generally held to be so essential to Democratic success that the nomination of any candidate from the State may seem to shrewd politicians very hazardous. They will, however, reflect that not only would Mr. CLEVELAND probably carry Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, but that the nomination of any other Democratic candidate would not carry those States, but would chill and discourage the party throughout the Union. The logic of the situation, however, will no more nominate Mr. CLEVELAND than the logic of the Republican situation in 1856 nominated Mr. SEWARD, or Mr. CHASE, or Mr. SUMNER. His nomination will be due to the fact that the national Democratic party demands his leadership with such unanimity that the loss of New York may be risked. Governor HILL also is undoubtedly shrewd enough to see that if Mr. CLEVELAND should be the evident choice of his party in '92, a New York opposition to him which should result in his defeat in the Convention would be fatal to the political hopes of its instigator. Meanwhile, however, the snare of the Senatorship is vainly spread in Governor HILL's sight.

Republican counsels as to the course of Congress are divided. At the West there is a strong expression of opinion favorable to a modification of the MCKINLEY bill. But at the East the more general expression is that the MCKINLEY bill was condemned because it was not understood. On the contrary, it was because it was too well understood. The revolution was nowhere more pronounced than in Massachusetts, and nowhere was the tariff more thoroughly and persistently discussed. The Republicans had their strongest debaters upon the stump, and Senator ALDRICH came from Rhode Island to help, while the Democrats urged tariff reform every night in every town, and with great ability. There was never less buncombe in a campaign, never less resort to the usual party rhetoric. The verdict of Massachusetts upon the MCKINLEY bill was as intelligent a verdict as could be given at the polls, and the loss to the Republican party is irreparable. Those who are most familiar with Republican politics in the State thought that the disaster might be averted possibly this year, but that it was inevitable two years hence. It was not ignorance, but knowledge, that defeated MCKINLEY Republicanism in Massachusetts. Yet nothing will be harder than for the truculent House of three months ago, even under the blow of so overpowering a national rebuke, to modify the tariff in the way demanded by the minority, which the same House contemptuously suppressed. Pride of opinion and bitter mortification, blended with honest conviction, will urge the Republicans to stand fast, perhaps even to try to force the passage of the election bill. Yet their own reasoning should lead them to forbear. They passed the bill, they said, under a mandate of the country. Very well; the mandate has now been withdrawn a hundredfold more emphatically than it was given.

OUR INDIAN RELATIONS.

THE summary of the report of the Secretary of the Interior will be scanned with interest to see its treatment of the Indian question. It acknowledges that it is a complicated and difficult question, but does not acknowledge that the chief source of the difficulty is politics. If our Indian relations were treated as they should be, simply as a matter of honest and efficient administration, if only incompetent and dishonest officers were dismissed, and only capable and honest substitutes appointed, the main difficulty would disappear. The proper treatment of the Indians requires great sagacity, experience, intelligence, and firmness, not party views of a tariff, nor party service at the polls, and riding about at midnight for a party politician. So long as our practical relations with the Indians are in the hands of men appointed to promote the political fortunes of some man or party, the Indian question will be very difficult indeed, and continue to be what it has long been—a national disgrace.

The Indian population is about 250,000, a little more than that of the District of Columbia, and less by nearly one-half than that of the city of Baltimore. This population occupies about 116,000,000 of acres, or 182,250 square miles. During the last year 13,000,000 of acres have been obtained by cession from various tribes, and agreements for 4,500,000 acres are awaiting ratification by Congress, and all upon terms as advantageous to the Indians as to the government. When the cessions are completed they will comprise 17,000,000 acres, or about a seventh of the Indian lands. The allotment of land in severalty is a cardinal part of the wiser Indian policy. When allotments have been made to all the Indians upon any reservation, negotiations will be undertaken with them for the relinquishment and cession of the unallotted lands. Allotments are made only with the free and full consent of the Indians, with careful regard to all the circumstances, their progress in civilization, and qualifications for citizenship. The proceeds of the sales of surplus lands furnish the Indians with implements, and aid them in becoming self-supporting. The purchase-money is placed in the Treasury and held for the Indians, drawing three per cent. a year, the principal and interest subject to appropriation by Congress for Indian education and civilization. There are considerable tracts reserved from the operation of the allotment law.

The Secretary reports the school service as greatly improved. The remark that the incapable and unworthy officers who have been removed were mostly appointed by the last administration may be true. But the other remark that Republican successors appointed in precisely the same manner and for the same unworthy and irrelevant reasons are better officers is intended for that large and interesting class of readers known as the marines. The treatment of the public service as spoils by the Republicans results in no better service than the same treatment by Democrats. There were instances of gross wrong in the Indian service under the late administration, but there have been the same under the present administration. The whole management of the service has improved within a few years, mainly because public opinion has been called to the subject, and the public mind has been enlightened and guided by the Indian Rights Association. It is chiefly by organized and persistent private and voluntary effort that reforms of any kind are made practicable in this country. Congress follows; it does not lead.

THE PEABODY EDUCATION FUND.

ONE of the most beneficent and ably administered public trusts upon a private foundation in this country is the Peabody Education Fund. Its trustees are selected from the most eminent citizens in various parts of the Union. The list now includes ROBERT C. WINTHROP, chairman of the Board, ex-Presidents HAYES and CLEVELAND, Chief Justice FULLER, ex-Secretaries of State HAMILTON FISH and WILLIAM M. EVARTS, with other distinguished gentlemen. The General Agent and executive officer of the trust is the Honorable J. L. M. CURRY, ex-Minister to Spain, who succeeded the late Dr. BARNAS SEARS, and, like his predecessor, Dr. CURRY seems to be precisely the man that the wise discharge of so vast and peculiarly responsible a duty requires. The effective annual distribution of the fund demands comprehensive knowledge of the condition and necessities of education in the Southern States, and sympathy with the people of those States, and not less a general knowledge of the contemporary movement of education in every country, that every improvement of method and every step of progress in every direction may be made available for the purposes of the trust. It is impossible to read Dr. CURRY's reports without seeing how fully he satisfies these conditions.

The twenty-ninth meeting of the trustees has recently taken place. In a brief opening address the chairman, Mr. WINTHROP, with characteristic felicity, presented an admirable summary of the situation as a preface to the report of Dr. CURRY. The operations and scope of the trust are not so widely known as they should be. Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN is the treasurer, and the financial statement shows the effective care with which he manages the funds. He has recently happily completed a conversion of investments authorized by the trustees. In 1885 the amount of principal invested was $1,851,358 26, yielding an income of $70,871 80. The amount of principal now invested is $2,075,175 22, showing an increase in investment of $223,816 96, yielding an income of $97,818 00, which is an increase in income of $26,946 20. This is certainly a well-managed trust fund. During the last year the amount distributed by the General Agent was $87,487. Of this sum $26,000 was devoted to the erection of a model school building and salaries and library for the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tennessee, and the States which received aid were Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.

The reports from local officers to the General Agent are very instructive glimpses into the educational interest and activity of the various States. Of Texas, where the PEABODY trust greatly aids the Sam Houston Normal College, which is "the child of this fund," the General Agent says, "The State will be criminal beyond measure if it fail within the next few years to have an educational system, from free primary to university, equal to any in the world." Alabama appropriates $15,500 for four white Normal schools, and $14,500 for three colored Normal schools. Last year the Legislature increased the annual appropriation by $100,000, and the local report says that much more interest is felt than ever before by the great body of the people in the education of both races. The report of Dr. CURRY deserves general attention as an authentic view of the educational situation in the South, with which it is concerned. The wisely liberal view of the PEABODY trustees is shown by the fact that in the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, which has been established for fifteen years, and on whose rolls during that time there have been 2485 pupils, and in the Sam Houston Normal College, both sexes have the same advantages, and in the Nashville school, among 359 pupils, the relative average of scholarship reached by the three regular college classes shows, for men, 86⅛ per cent., and for women, 86½. It is a very encouraging report, and the pamphlet of all the proceedings cannot be read without hearty thanks, not only that so noble a trust is so effectively administered, but that it is kept so absolutely free from politics and sectarianism.

DISGRACEFUL STORIES.

Mr. Stanley's arrival in this country has been attended with statements in regard to his African expedition which are so monstrous that if true the actors in them must have been maniacs. It is now alleged that Mr. Stanley at the beginning of his journey imposed upon his companions the condition of silence for five months after the return. Whether his African experience had apprised him of probable occurrences which, if related, would at once rivet public attention to the exclusion of all interest in the general results of the expedition, or whatever the reason may have been, the silence has been broken by a narrative which, if true, and if the actors were not mad, shows that the British nation furnished more brutal savages than any that were discovered in darkest Africa.

Mr. Stanley has given his own version of the conduct of Major Barttelot, and it is evident throughout the controversy that he has not been forward in accusing his subordinate officer. The brother of Barttelot, who opened the contest by publishing a vindication of the Major, is said to have been told of facts which were known to Dr. Bonny, a member of the expedition, and which would certainly come out if Barttelot challenged a full recital of horrors which implicated only the dead. Mr. Smalley also, in his letter to the *Tribune*, written at the time of Mr. Stanley's sailing for this country, spoke of the tone of Stanley's rejoinder to Barttelot as indicating facts still in reserve which would amply justify all that Stanley had said in his book. But Walter Barttelot published his defence, and since Mr. Stanley's arrival in the United States, statements of occurrences horrible beyond conception have been published involving Jameson, one of the expedition, a naturalist and an artist.

The sickening stories of wanton and cruel murder, of the purchase of a girl for a few pocket-handkerchiefs to be killed and eaten by cannibals for the entertainment of Englishmen, are so revolting that the story of the expedition must be always stained by them. It is essential for the honor of the English name that these statements should be searched and tested with the utmost rigor and care. If an English expedition of discovery, ostensibly in the interests of civilization and humanity, can be manned by educated Englishmen who prove to be capable of such atrocities as are now alleged, it will be a disgrace to the English name, unless the insanity of the criminals can be demonstrated. The charges are of such a kind that the romantic interest in a heroic explorer, of which we spoke last week, must be largely lost in eager curiosity to know the truth about some of his associates. Mr. Stanley, whose character is beyond suspicion, is, of course, vitally interested in the good fame of the expedition which bears his name. He feels undoubtedly the urgent necessity of as thorough an explanation as possible of this appalling story, the truth of which no man is more interested to ascertain, that the responsibility may be placed where it belongs.

THE DELPHI EXCAVATIONS.

Some months since we mentioned the urgent desirability of raising a sum of $80,000, to secure to this country the credit of the most important of modern excavations at Delphi, the most interesting site in Greece. By generous subscriptions in New York and Chicago more than $60,000 had been already secured when it was learned that the French were actively in the field, and that the French Chamber had been asked to appropriate 400,000 francs, or the whole amount necessary for the purchase of the site.

The American director on the 18th of October, by warm entreaty obtained from the Greek government a promise that no answer should be made for a month to the French proposals. The month will expire as this paper is issued. But there may yet be time when these words are read, and whoever may wish even at the last moment to save to this country the honor of the discoveries to be made at Delphi should communicate instantly with President Low, of Columbia College.

MR. HOUK'S VIEW.

Mr. Leonidas F. Houk, of Tennessee, is one of the most aggressive Republican opponents of reform in the civil service, and in the debate of last winter upon the appropriation for the Commission, he made one of the most vehement speeches in denunciation of the reformed system. He held in substance that the entire public service should be regarded as the lawful plunder of the victorious party.

Mr. Houk's majority two years ago was more than 13,000. This year he has been re-elected by about 5000 majority, and in response to the question, what had caused the Republican disaster, he said that it was not the McKinley bill, which was "an element of strength instead of weakness," and is the kind of bill which the Republican party will never abandon, nor was it the force bill, nor anything that Congress has done, but, he said, according to the report, the defeat "is principally attributable to the matter of offices and dissatisfaction at the distribution of patronage, a dissatisfaction that always follows a change of administration from one party to another."

Of course the dissatisfaction which defeats an administration party is within the party, not in the opposition party. Mr. Houk therefore holds that it was Republican disgust, not the repudiation of Republican policy by the country, which led to defeat. His remark implies that if the administration, by its distribution of spoils, had not disgusted Republicans so that they angrily voted against themselves, they would have carried the election. In other words, the effort to strengthen the party by spoils has overwhelmed it with the greatest disaster in its annals. There could not be a stronger argument for civil service reform than this statement of a bitter enemy.

A QUEER SUGGESTION.

If the result of the late election, giving the New York Legislature to the Democrats, indicated a tremendous popular protest against the McKinley bill, the election of an advocate of that bill as Senator from New York would be a very droll *non sequitur*. There seems to be a general assumption that Governor Hill can have the Senatorship or give it to any of his henchmen. That the people of New York are to have any voice in its disposition is not even supposed. But as the Governor went to Ohio to oppose the election of Mr. McKinley, it is a very amusing suggestion that, having aided in defeating McKinley, he should return to improve the anti-McKinley victory in Ohio by helping to elect a McKinley Senator in New York.

Mr. Smith M. Weed, a gentleman who was, we believe, not wholly unconnected with certain cipher despatches of Mr. Tilden in 1876, has announced his desire of the Senatorship from New York, and either directly or indirectly makes known that Governor Hill, who was a strong anti-McKinley tariff man in Ohio, has promised to support him in New York. Pending such alleged promise, the New York *World* publishes the following telegram, dated December 25, 1889, at Plattsburg, New York:

> "*Hon.* William McKinley, *chairman Committee on Ways and Means, Washington, D. C.:*
>
> "I learn I am on committee to appear before your committee to-morrow, and am unable to attend at such short notice, but wish to most respectfully but earnestly protest, with other producers of iron ore in the East, against any reduction of the duty on iron ore."

It is generally understood that Governor Hill went to Ohio to demand, among other lessening of burdens on raw material, a reduction of duty on iron ore. How, then, is it reported—and that apparently Mr. Weed understands—that the Governor favors the election as Senator of a gentleman who earnestly protests against such reduction?

COMPARATIVE BLUNDERING.

It is remarked by some Republican papers that the Democrats in the next House will be sure, by their folly, to be of the utmost service to the Republican party. But with their utmost efforts the Democrats could not be of more service to their opponents than the Republicans have been in the present House. If it is a question of comparative blundering by mistaking public sentiment, the Republicans are easily ahead.

THE DEPARTURE OF THEODORE THOMAS.

The departure of Mr. Theodore Thomas from New York is a serious loss to the musical interests of the city, and in modern cities music is one of the most civilizing of the arts. No man has done so much as Mr. Thomas for the cultivation and development of the musical taste of New York, and for none of the eminent musicians who have labored in this field is there a warmer personal feeling or a deeper sense of gratitude. Mr. Thomas has always maintained the highest musical standard, but with such tact and good sense that he has not lifted himself separately above the general feeling, but has caused public sympathy and approval to rise with him.

The condition of musical cultivation in New York, and the general sentiment here forty years ago, are nowhere so well described as in Mr. Grant White's papers in the *Century* or *Scribner* several years ago. The remarkable change since that time is mainly due to Mr. Thomas. If the German opera has latterly largely superseded the Italian, it is because Mr. Thomas's concerts in the Central Park Garden and elsewhere many years ago, constantly recurring and of the same general character, prepared the audience to enjoy the German opera.

Greatly as New York has enjoyed the leadership of Mr. Thomas, and gladly as the most intelligent musical circles acknowledge the city's debt to him, the city has not cared to provide the conditions which Chicago offers to him, and which in the interest of his art he has decided to accept. Doubtless he would willingly remain in a city in which he has so many friends, and in which so much of his active career has been passed. But he is, first of all, an artist, and he goes where he can serve art most effectively. No one who recalls how great his service here has been will take leave of the prince of conductors without profound regret.

PLEASANT VOTING.

One of the pleasantest results of the late election was the general satisfaction with the practical operation of the new ballot law. Undoubtedly the trial showed that certain details may be wisely amended. But, generally speaking, the act of voting was never more agreeable and satisfactory than under the new system. It is the most admirable improvement in the details and machinery of voting since the division of the voters into small districts and the limitation of voting to a single day.

This is true despite the fact that Governor Hill's device of the complete paster, to be brought in from the outside, served the purpose that he had in view of enabling the boss to control his voters. All that was necessary was to tell the voter to paste the paster upon any ticket, and vote it, handing the other tickets to the inspector. With the most unintelligent voters this plan worked well. But the other kind of voter, which is the great multitude, had full opportunity for independent and secret voting, and the advantage of the system is undeniable.

The folding of the ballot seems to have made the chief trouble. But it is a simple process, and the trouble might be obviated either by folding it correctly in advance, and giving it to the voter already properly creased, or by a printed direction upon the ballot. No system of voting, of course, which is orderly and wisely checked will satisfy those who wish to cheat at the polls. But the enormous mass of honest voters in New York were unquestionably delighted with the operation of the new method, and nothing demonstrates more clearly the good sense of the people than the rapidity with which this reform has prevailed.

PERSONAL.

A sensible memorial will be that dedicated to Wilkie Collins. It will consist of a small library of choice fiction, to be presented to the "People's Palace" in London. Fifteen hundred dollars has already been raised for this purpose.

—The Nestor of the bench of the United States Supreme Court is Judge Stephen J. Field. He is seventy-four years old, and was appointed to his present position by President Lincoln in 1863.

—An elaborate scheme of marble decoration for Baron Rothschild's house has just been completed by Waldo Story, son of the American sculptor W. W. Story, of Rome.

—Back in 1856 a firm of publishers were driven out of Mobile, Alabama, for selling one copy each of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Fred Douglass's life. A member of the firm was Edwin Upson, who has just died at Cummings, North Dakota, in his seventy-seventh year. Among the four children he has left is Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the well-known author, and wife of Mr. E. P. Clark, of the New York *Evening Post*.

—A huge natural bowlder of conglomerate rock, about fifteen feet high and twelve feet square, which stands in Holyhood Cemetery, at Brookline, Massachusetts, is to form the tombstone of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose grave is placed beside it. A tablet set into the face of the rock will be the only mark placed on the monolith.

—John Hanson Craig, of Danville, Indiana, weighs nine hundred and seven pounds, and is probably the biggest man in the world. He is thirty-five years old, stands six feet five inches in his stockings, and suffers no inconvenience from his heavy weight. His father and mother were both undersized, but he makes up for all their delinquencies in this respect.

—Miss Mary Abell, of Baltimore, a daughter of the late Arunah S. Abell, owner of the Baltimore *Sun*, is in a convent, and will probably take the veil next spring. She has a fortune of over $2,000,000, which, it is expected, she will give to the Roman Catholic Church.

—Henry Ward Beecher's old house in Brooklyn has been turned into a boarding-house, and his large library has been cut up by partitions into bedrooms.

—The ninetieth birthday of ex-Governor David Merriwether, of Kentucky, has just been celebrated. He was Governor of New Mexico under Franklin Pierce.

—Admirers of Eugene Field who have read with feeling his writings of and for children will be grieved to hear of the death of his own "lyttle" boy Melvin, who has just died in Hamburg, Germany.

—The sister of Heinrich Heine, Frau Charlotte Emsden, received, upon her ninetieth birthday, which she celebrated last month, hundreds of telegrams of congratulation. Among them were messages from Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Austria, and Dom Pedro.

—A course of lectures on law to women has been instituted at the New York University, and the first lecture was recently delivered by Dr. Emily Kempin, who received her degree at Zurich. The officers of the Women's Legal Education Society, under whose auspices the lectures are given, are Mrs. Leonard Weber, Mrs. Anna C. Field, Dr. Lucy Hall, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.

—The home of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the novelist, is in the Queen Anne Mansions overlooking St. James Park, London. Here she has charming rooms that are always bright with flowers, and here she receives a delightful circle of friends. Far from disclaiming her age, Mrs. Linton makes her boast of having lived in three reigns.

—The late Justice Miller is said to have had a taste almost amounting to a passion for mathematics. He deprecated the amount of time college students gave to the study of dead languages, and held that mathematics and scientific studies were of chief importance.

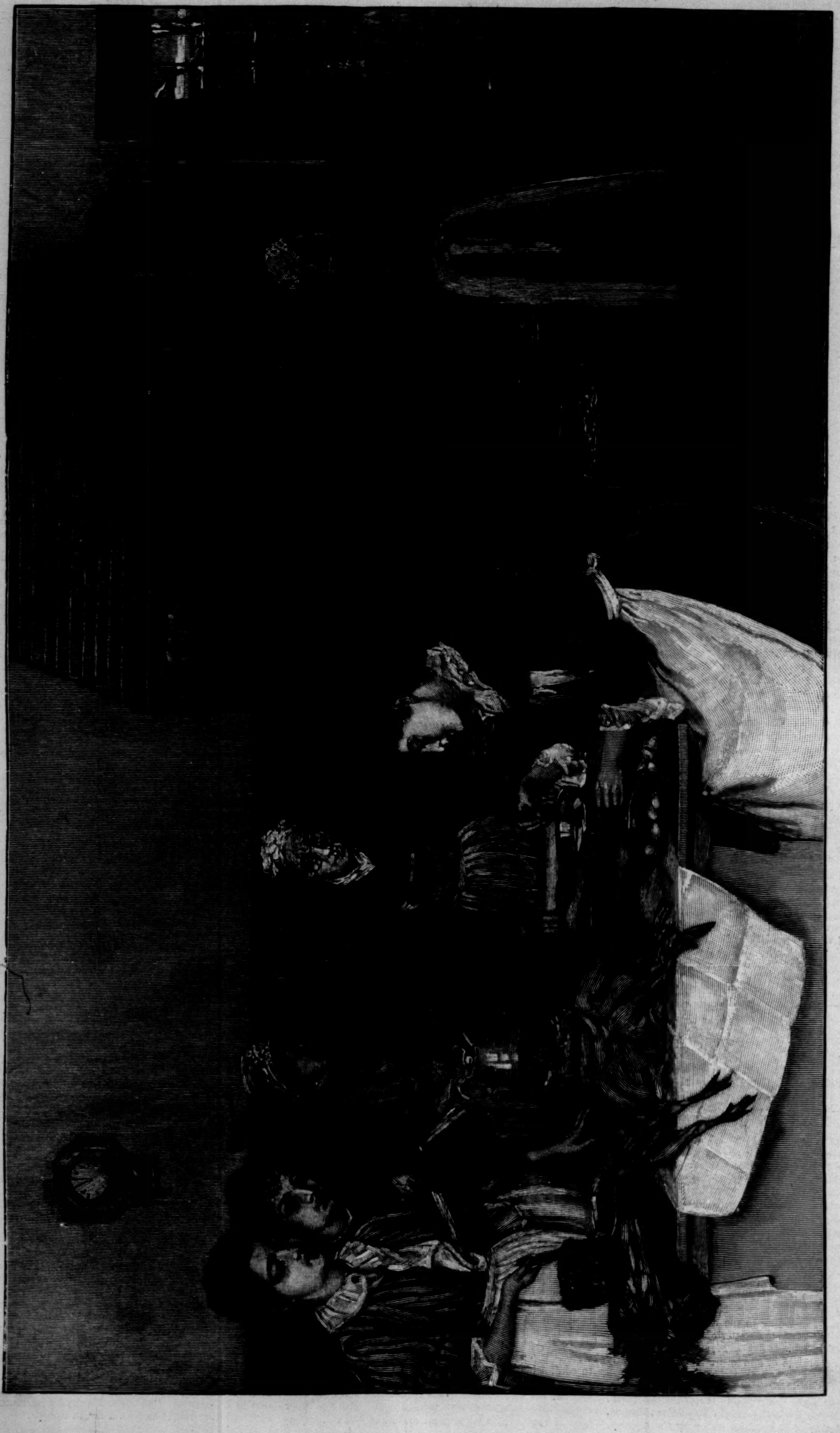
—The highest priced autograph in existence is said to be the signature of Christopher Columbus, which is valued at $800. Next to that is the only letter by Corneille that was ever for sale. This is worth about the same as Columbus's signature.

—Christine Nilsson is thinking of undertaking a course of treatment to reduce her flesh. She has grown very stout.

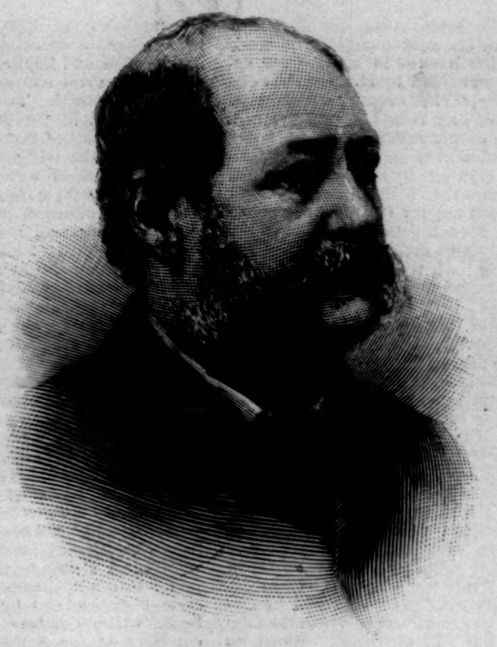
—The halcyon days of the American Lyceum seem to have come again as one reads the names of the lecturers who will be heard in various cities this winter. Among them are Henry M. Stanley, George Kennan, James Russell Lowell, E. C. Stedman, Professor Bryce, Professor Thomas Davidson, Alexander Black, R. K. Munkittrick, and J. K. Bangs.

—General W. H. Robarts, in the course of a long letter of commendation of Captain King's novel *Between the Lines*, quotes the testimony of Lord Wolseley, Lord William Beresford, and General Fitzwygram in regard to it as follows: "These gentlemen agreed that the description of that cavalry fight at Gettysburg was the most perfect picture of a battle scene in the English language."

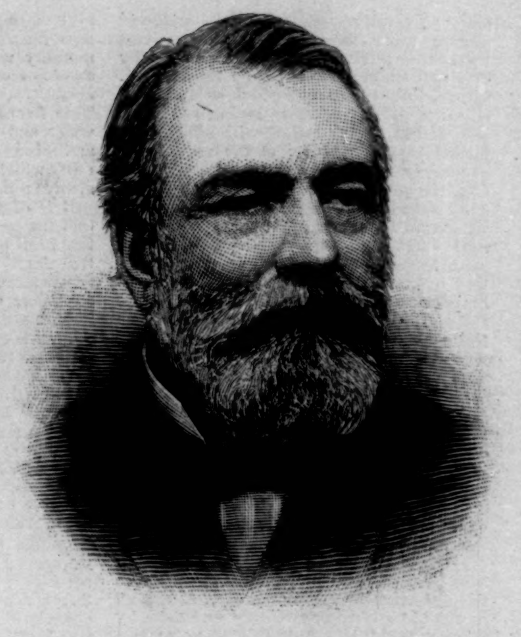
—Miss Carrie V. Kidwell is an American soprano who has just returned from Europe with more than ordinary testimonials of foreign approval. She is a native of West Virginia, and before her departure abroad was well known in Washington. She has completed her musical studies under Lamperti, and critics who heard her sing at a concert in Dresden say that since Marcella Sembrich, "no such lark-like voice has been heard in Europe."



THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.—[See Page 912.]



THE LATE DANIEL S. APPLETON, OF NEW YORK.
[See Page 907.]

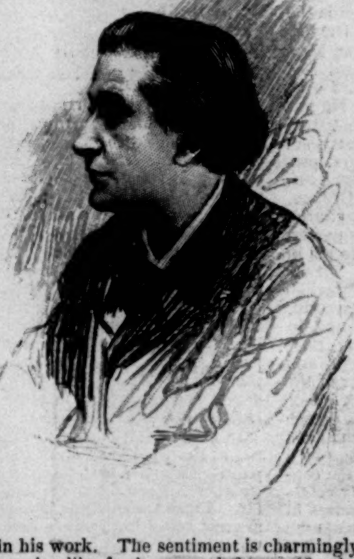


THE LATE REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D., OF MASSACHUSETTS.—From a Photograph by Black, of Boston.—[See Page 907.]

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.*

Like Molière, like Boileau, like Regnard, like Voltaire, and like Musset, M. François Coppée was born in Paris, and more than any other of the half-dozen is he a true child of the fair city by the Seine, loving her more ardently, and leaving her less willingly. The facts of his simple and uneventful career have been set forth by his friend M. de Lescure in *François Coppée; l'Homme, la vie et l'Œuvre* (1842–1889). From this we learn that the poet was born in 1842, that he was the youngest child of a poor clerk in the War Department, that he had three elder sisters, one of whom survives still to take care of her brother, that he spent most of his struggling childhood in old houses on the left (and more literary) bank of the Seine, that he was not an apt scholar in his youth, that he began to write verses very early in his teens, and that at last his father died, and he succeeded to the modest position in the War Department, becoming the head of the family at twenty-one. In time he made acquaintance with other young poets, and was admitted into the *Parnassiens*, as they were called, followers of Victor Hugo, of Théophile Gautier, of M. Théodore de Banville, students of new and old rhythms, and seekers after rich rhymes, as ardent in the search as the Argonauts of '49. M. Coppée burnt every one of his juvenile poems, and wrote many another of more cunning workmanship; and of these newer poems two volumes were published in the next few years—*Le Réliquaire* and *Les Intimités*—but they did not sell two hundred copies all told.

Then, in 1869, came the first golden gleam of fortune. *Le Passant*, a little one-act comedy in verse, was acted one night at the Odéon, and the next day the name of François Coppée was no longer unknown to any of those who care for letters. *Le Passant* is undeniably artificial, and at bottom it is probably forced in feeling, if not false; but beyond all question the poet believed in it and accepted its truth, and delighted in his work. The sentiment is charmingly youthful, with a spring-like freshness, and the versification is absolutely impeccable. For years M. Coppée was called "the author of *Le Passant*," until he came almost to hate his first-born. But only one of his later plays has rivalled it in popular acceptance; this is the pathetic *Luthier de Crémone*, of which there are several adaptations in English. A third one-act play, *Le Pater*, forbidden in Paris by the stage censors, was, strangely enough, brought out at Daly's Theatre last winter as *The Prayer*. As a dramatist, M. Coppée continues the romanticist tradition, now a little outworn; and his longer plays lack the directness of his later poems and prose tales. No one of them has had more than a merely honorable success, and no one has yet shown itself strong enough to stand the perils of translation to the American stage. I do not see, however, why *Severo Torelli* might not have a chance of popularity if presented by one of our more ambitious young tragedians.



During the dark days of 1870 and 1871 M. Coppée did his duty in the ranks like many another artist in letters and with the brush. Of course he wrote war poems, both during the fighting and after, neither better nor worse, most of them, than the war poems of other French poets. Better than any of these martial rhymes are the *Grève des Forgerons*, written just before the war, and *Les Humbles*, a volume of verse written shortly after peace had been restored. The *Grève des Forgerons* is a dramatic monologue, in which a striking iron-worker explains how it came to pass that he killed a man, and why he did the deed. It suggests Browning in its mingling of movement and introspection, but it is neither as rugged in form nor as swift in action as the English poet would have made it.

It is in *Les Humbles* that there was first revealed the French poet with whom we of Anglo-Saxon stock can perhaps feel ourselves most in sympathy. The note which dominates the poems in that collection, and in most of M. Coppée's later volumes of verse, is less seldom found in English literature than in French. This is the note of sympathy with the lowly, with the unsuspected victims of fate. It is the note of compassion for those who struggle secretly and in vain, for those who are borne down beneath the burdens of commonplace existence, for those who have never had a chance in life. It is the note we mark now and again, for instance, in the deeper poems of Mr. Austin Dobson. Many of the foremost French authors of late years are mere mandarins, writing exclusively for their peers; they are Brahmins, despising all outside their own high caste; they are wholly without bowels of compassion for their fellow-man. Compare, for example, again, the contemptuous and contemning attitude of Flaubert toward the creatures of his own making, whom he regards distantly, as though they were doubtful insects under a microscope, and the warmer tolerance George Eliot shows even for her least worthy characters.

M. Coppée is as detached from his humble heroes and heroines as any one could wish; he is too profoundly an artist ever to intervene in his own person; but he is not chill and inaccessible in his telling of their little lives made up of a thousand banalities and lit by a single gleam of poetry not cast by the glare of a great self-sacrifice, but falling from the pure flame of daily duties performed without thought of self. *Les Humbles* is but a gallery of pictures in the manner of the little masters of Holland—a series of portraits of the down-trodden in their every-day garb, with that suggestion of their inner life which illuminates every painting by an artist of true insight. In the old-fashioned sense of the word there is little "heroic" in *Les Humbles;* and there is absolutely nothing of the exaggerated larger-than-life-and-twice-as-natural manner of Victor Hugo, set off with violent contrasts and startling antitheses. Instead we have a scholarly poet telling us of the simple lives of the poor in the simple speech of the people. M. Coppée has a homeliness of phrase not unlike that of Theocritus, but perhaps less consciously literary.

Indeed, nothing more clearly shows the delicacy of his art than his extraordinary skill in concealing all trace of artifice, so that a most carefully constructed poem is seemingly spontaneous. To most of us French poetry is rarely interesting; it is obviously artificial; it strikes us as somewhat remote; possibly from the enforced use of words of Romance origin (which, therefore, seem to us secondary) to describe heart-felt emotion, expressed by us in words of Teutonic stock (which are therefore to us primary). Mr. Lowell has told us that it is only the high polish of French verse that keeps out decay. We do not feel this in reading the best of M. Coppée's poetry; it seems to us as natural an outgrowth almost as Heine's or Longfellow's. In another essay Mr. Lowell says that perhaps the great charm of Gray's "Elegy" is to be found "in its embodying that pensively stingless pessimism which comes with the first gray hair, that vague sympathy with ourselves which is so much cheaper than sympathy with others, that placid melancholy which satisfies the general appetite for an emotion that titillates rather than wounds." That M. Coppée has put into French verse, unmusical as it is, the qualities which Mr. Lowell finds in Gray's "Elegy" is evidence that neither in manner nor in matter is he like most French poets.

But this acceptability of his poetry to ears attuned to more Teutonic rhythms has not been won by any accidental dereliction from the strictest rule of the Parnassians. M. Coppée has besieged and captured the final fastnesses of French metrical art, and his work is completely satisfactory even to M. de Banville, who bestrides his hobby of "rich" rhymes as though it were Pegasus itself. M. Coppée early gave proof of remarkable skill at the difficult game of French versification, and he still plays it scientifically, and with great good luck. Of late years he has been called upon frequently to sing to order, to write verses for a celebration, and he has always been as ready as Dr. Holmes was once to lay a garland of rhymes on the grave of a hero. The art of writing occasional verse which shall be worthy of the occasion is not a common gift. M. Coppée possesses it abundantly, and his many poems for feasts or fasts are always appropriate, adequate, and dignified.

Olivier is M. Coppée's most ambitious longer poem. But it is not in his longer poems that he is seen at his best. What he does to perfection is the *conte en vers*—the tale in verse. The *conte* is a form of fiction in which the French have always delighted, and in which they have always excelled, from the days of the *jongleurs* and the *trouvères*, past the periods of La Fontaine and Voltaire, down to the present. The *conte* is a tale something more than a sketch, it may be, and something less than a short story. In verse it is at times but a mere rhymed anecdote, or it may attain almost to the direct swiftness of a ballad. The *Canterbury Tales* are *contes* most of them, if not all, and so are some of the *Tales of a Way-side Inn*. The free and easy tales of Prior were written in imitation of the French *conte en vers*, and that likewise was the model of more than one of the lively narrative poems of Mr. Austin Dobson.

No one has succeeded more admirably in the *conte en vers* than M. Coppée. Where was there ever anything better of its kind than "L'Enfant de la Balle"?—that gentle portrait of the infant phenomenon, framed in a chain of occasional gibes at the sordid ways of theatrical managers, and at their hostility toward poetic plays. Where is there anything of a more simple pathos than "L'Epave"?—that

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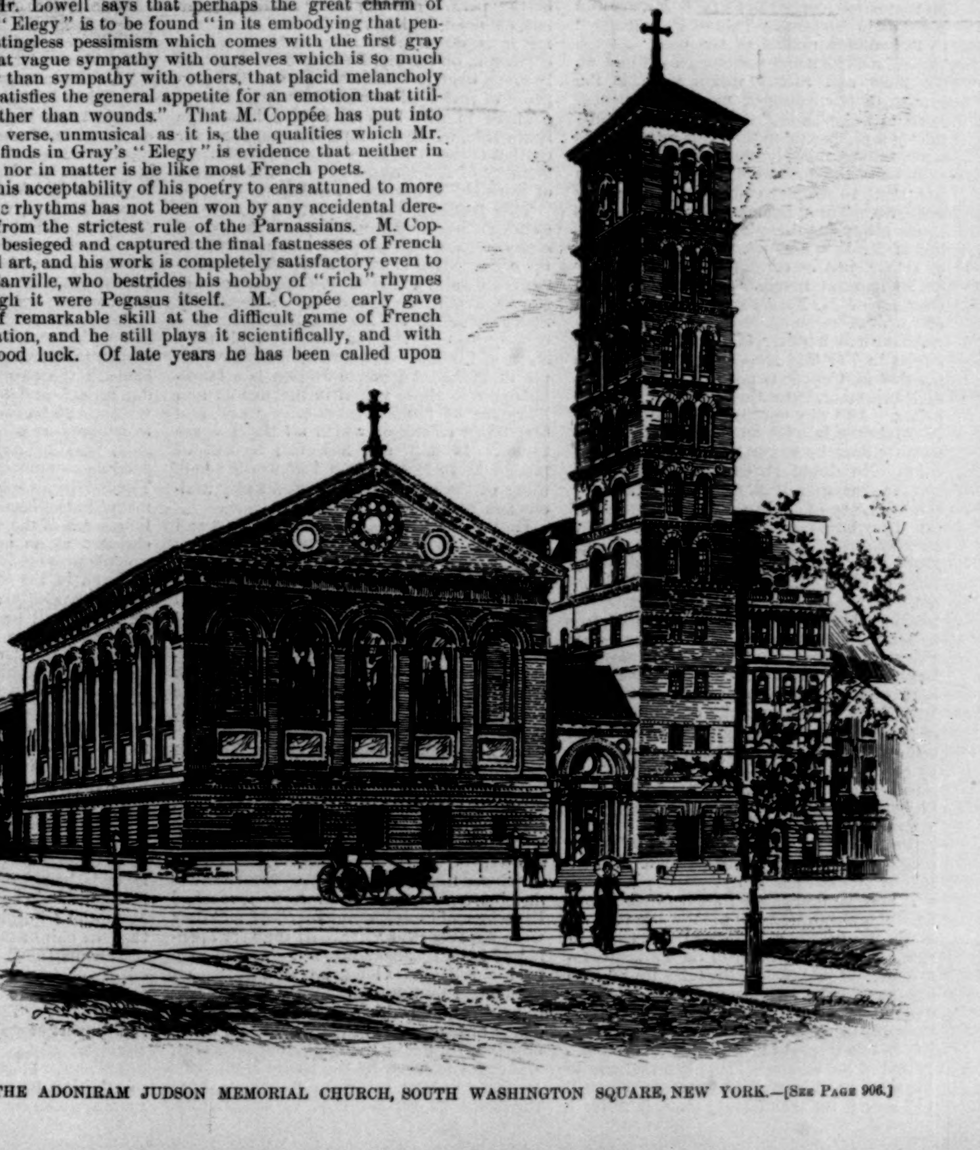
* *Ten Tales* by François Coppée. Translated by Walter Learned. With Fifty Pen and Ink Drawings by Albert E. Sterner, and an Introduction by Brander Matthews. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. ("The Odd Number Series.") New York: Harper & Brothers.



THE ADONIRAM JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—[See Page 906.]

story of a sailor's son whom the widowed mother vainly strives to keep from the cruel waves that killed his father. (It is worthy of a parenthesis that although the ship M. Coppée loves best is that which sails the blue shield of the city of Paris, he knows the sea also, and he depicts sailors with affectionate fidelity.) But whether at the sea-side by chance, or more often in the streets of the city, the poet seeks for the subject of his story some incident of daily occurrence made significant by his interpretation; he chooses some character commonplace enough, but made firmer by conflict with evil and by victory over self. Those whom he puts into his poems are still the humble, the forgotten, the neglected, the unknown, and it is the feelings and the struggles of these that he tells us, with no maudlin sentimentality, and with no dead-set at our sensibilities. The subtitle Mrs. Stowe gave to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would serve to cover most of M. Coppée's *contes* either in prose or verse; they are nearly all pictures of "life among the lowly." But there is no forcing of the note in his painting of poverty and labor; there is no harsh juxtaposition of the blacks and the whites. The tone is always manly and wholesome.

La Marchande de Journaux and the other little masterpieces of story-telling in verse are unfortunately untranslatable, as are all poems but a lyric or two now and then, by a happy accident. A translated poem is a boiled strawberry, as some one once brutally put it. But the tales which M. Coppée has written in prose—a true poet's prose, nervous, vigorous, flexible, and firm—these can be Englished by taking thought and time and pains, without which a translation is always a betrayal. Ten of these tales have been rendered into English by Mr. Learned, and the ten chosen for translation are among the best of the twoscore and more of M. Coppée's *contes en prose*. These ten tales are fairly representative of his range and variety. Compare, for example, the passion in the "Foster-sister"—pure, burning, and fatal—with the Black Forest *naïveté* of the "Wooden Shoes of Little Wolff." Contrast the touching pathos of the "Substitute," poignant in his magnificent self-sacrifice, by which the man who has conquered his shameful past goes back willingly to the horrible life he has fled from, that he may save from a like degradation and from an inevitable moral decay the one friend he has in the world, all unworthy as this friend is—contrast this with the story of the gigantic deeds "My Friend Meutrier" boasts about unceasingly, not knowing that he has been discovered in his little round of daily domestic duties—making the coffee of his good old mother, and taking her poodle out for a walk.

Among these ten there are tales of all sorts, from the tragic adventure of "An Accident" to the pendent portraits of the "Two Clowns," cutting in its sarcasm, but not bitter; from the "Captain's Vices," which suggests at once George Eliot's *Silas Marner* and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Tale of Polypheme," to the sombre reverie of the poet "At the Table," a sudden and searching light cast on the labor and misery which underlie the luxury of our complex modern existence. Like "At the Table," the "Dramatic Funeral" is a picture more than it is a story; it is a marvellous reproduction of the factitious emotion of the good-natured stage-folk, who are prone to overact even their own griefs and joys. The "Dramatic Funeral" seems to me always as though it might be a painting of M. Jean Béraud, that most Parisian of artists, just as certain stories of M. Guy de Maupassant inevitably suggest the bold freedom of M. Forain's sketches in black and white.

An ardent admirer of the author of the stories in *The Odd Number* has protested to me that M. Coppée is not an etcher like M. de Maupassant, but rather a painter in water-colors. And why not? Thus might we call M. Alphonse Daudet an artist in pastels, so adroitly does he suggest the very bloom of color. No doubt M. Coppée's *contes* have not the sharpness of M. de Maupassant's nor the brilliancy of M. Daudet's. But what of it? They have qualities of their own. They have sympathy, poetry, and a power of suggesting pictures not exceeded, I think, by those of either M. de Maupassant or M. Daudet. M. Coppée's street views in Paris, his interiors, his impressionist sketches of life under the shadow of Notre Dame, are convincingly successful. They are intensely to be enjoyed by those of us who take the same keen delight in the varied phases of life in New York. They are not, to my mind, really rivalled either by those of M. de Maupassant, who is a Norman by birth and a nomad by choice, or by those of M. Daudet, who is a native of Provence, although now for thirty years a resident of Paris. M. Coppée is a Parisian from his youth up, and even in prose he is a poet. Perhaps this is why his pictures of Paris are unsurpassable in their felicity and in their verity.

It may be fancy, but I seem to see also a finer morality in M. Coppée's work than in M. de Maupassant's, or in M. Daudet's, or in that of almost any other of the Parisian story-tellers of to-day. In his tales we breathe a purer moral atmosphere, more wholesome and more bracing. It is not that M. Coppée probably thinks of ethics rather than æsthetics; in this respect his attitude is undoubtedly that of the others. There is no sermon in his song, or at least none for those who will not seek it for themselves; there is never a hint of a preachment. But for all that, I have found in his work a trace of the tonic morality which inheres in Molière, for example—also a Parisian by birth—and in Rabelais, too, despite his disguising grossness. This finer morality comes possibly from a wider and a deeper survey of the universe; and it is as different as possible from the morality which is externally applied, and which always punishes the villain in the fifth act.

It is of good augury for our own letters that the best French fiction of to-day is getting itself translated in the United States, and that the liking for it is growing apace. Fiction is more consciously an art in France than anywhere else, perhaps partly because the French are now foremost in nearly all forms of artistic endeavor. In the short story especially, in the tale, in the *conte*, their supremacy is incontestable, and their skill is shown and their æsthetic instinct exemplified partly in the sense of form, in the constructive method which underlies the best short stories, however trifling these may appear to be, and partly in the rigorous suppression of non-essentials, due in a measure, it may be, to the example of Mérimée. That is an example we in America may study to advantage, and from the men who are writing fiction in France we may gain much. From the British fiction of this last quarter of the nineteenth century little can be learned by any one—less by us Americans, in whom the English tradition is still dominant. When we look to France for an exemplar, we may find a model of value; but when we copy an Englishman, we are but echoing our own faults. "The truth is," said Mr. Lowell, in his memorable essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners"—"the truth is we are worth nothing except so far as we have disinfected ourselves of Anglicism."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE ADONIRAM JUDSON BAPTIST MEMORIAL CHURCH.

WASHINGTON SQUARE in New York, at one time famous as the centre of metropolitan fashion, and notable, too, as the parade-ground for the citizen soldiery, is rapidly changing in many respects. The north side is still occupied by the residences of prosperous and wealthy families, the noble trees in the Park take on added dignity year by year, the castle-like university building and the old Presbyterian Church on the east side stand just as they have for many decades, and are as notable as landmarks as when first erected, but nearly all else is changed, and the changes are in every instance decided betterments. Several large and finely appointed tenement-houses (apartment-houses and flat buildings, such as these are usually called, to distinguish them from those humbler structures into which poor people are crowded) rise floor above floor until they overtop the elm-trees which shade the lawns in the park. The character of the square has changed, and is still further changing, for it is down-town now, and the streets coming in on the south side are being rapidly given over to business uses and the purposes of trade. The most notable of all the changes in this historic square is on the south side, where Thompson Street ends, for on that corner a massive church structure in memory of Adoniram Judson, "the Apostle of Burmah," is nearing completion.

This building, though perfect in taste, is strikingly unconventional as an ecclesiastical structure, and the purpose and methods of the organization erecting it are also very unconventional. These manifestations of unconventionality make the whole a peculiarly fitting memorial for the first American missionary who braved the dangers and hardships of life and work among a hostile people in India. Adoniram Judson is a familiar name to those versed in the history and literature of foreign missionary work, and his record is one of which all Baptists are proud. It may not, however, be out of place here to recount in a few words something of the career of this remarkably zealous and persistent man.

He was born in Massachusetts in 1788, and was educated at Brown University. Though he was the son of a Congregationalist minister—who, by-the-way, also bore the quaint scriptural name of Adoniram—he imbibed during his course at college many sceptical notions. When he had been graduated, he concluded that he would become a playwright, and so as to fit himself for the work he joined a band of wandering players. He abandoned this intention, however, when he was converted from his scepticism, and became a theological student of the Andover Seminary. Before he had finished this course he determined to devote his life to missionary work, and there being no American service with which he could connect himself, he went out under the auspices of an English society. While at sea, however, he became convinced that the Scriptures commanded immersion, and as soon, therefore, as he reached India he and his wife were baptized, and they were Baptists ever after. At the very opening of his missionary career, by this change in his religious views, he found himself abandoned by the society for which he was to work, and by which he was to be supported. For forty years he persisted in his work, now interrupted by the English government, and again silenced by the native Buddhists. During his long career he is said to have converted 20,000 Burmese to Christianity. He translated the Bible into Burmese, and made a double dictionary, putting Burmese into English, and English into Burmese. He was also a great sufferer for the cause for which he labored. Twenty-one months he was confined in the death prison at Ava. For a great part of that time, as he lay upon his back in the stifling dungeon, upon the low thin roof of which the Oriental sun poured its hot rays, his limbs were confined by five pair of irons, and at night, so as to lessen the chance of escape, suspended from a bamboo pole in such a constrained and painful position that he wore the scars of his imprisonment to his dying day. When sixty-two years old, Judson, in search of health, started on a sea-voyage to the Isle of France, the scene of St. Pierre's pathetic tales of *Paul and Virginia;* but he died on the voyage, and was buried in the Indian Ocean, and no material monument has been erected to his memory.

It was Mr. Judson's lot to labor in the hard and obscure period of first beginnings of missionary enterprise, which has since his day in many places yielded large results. And not only so, but he undertook the task of planting Christianity, not among a people like the Sandwich Islanders, without a literature and without an elaborate religious system, but rather in a soil already occupied by an ancient literature and by a time-honored religion which numbers among its devotees one-third of the population of the globe. Considering all these things, the work accomplished and tangible results achieved seem wonderful. It is as a memorial of this man that the new church in Washington Square is being built.

The moving spirit in the enterprise is the son of the old missionary, the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson, the pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, at the corner of Bedford and Downing streets, in the Ninth Ward (the American ward) of New York city. He was born in Burmah in 1844, was educated at Brown University, and spent the first years of his manhood as a school-master and professor of Latin in Madison University. Fifteen years ago, however, he went to Orange, New Jersey, as pastor of the Baptist church there. During the six years that his pastorate lasted he had very gratifying success in increasing the church membership, but he felt called to enter upon missionary work—not missionary work such as his father did, but work among the poorer people and in the more crowded quarters of lower New York. He therefore resigned in 1881, and coming to this city, became the pastor of the old church over which he still presides. His theory is that more efficient work can be done by a church located in the very district in which the effort is to be exerted than by a church located nearer the homes of the contributing members, and which merely establishes small chapels and mission houses in remote neighborhoods. Dr. Judson's nine years' experience at the Berean Church has confirmed him in this theory, and he proposes from the new Washington Square Church to carry on his work in a larger way and with ampler resources.

The effort to get the money to build this memorial church was begun some two years ago, just one hundred years after the birth of Adoniram Judson. It was not possible to begin work on the new building before last May, when the leases expired on the property, which had been purchased for $132,500. The buildings, when completed, will cost $188,000, and thus a total of $320,500 will have been expended. The resources at present amount to about $230,500, and therefore $90,000 more is needed to open the memorial, and begin operations free of debt.

The church, which is on the corner, as shown in the picture, is 65 by 100 feet, and will have a seating capacity of 1000. The basement beneath the church is to be used for Sunday schools and a kindergarten. The tower, which is 20 feet square and 165 feet high, is to be used as a children's home. The six-story building adjoining the tower is to be used as an apartment-house for young men. The children's school, or kindergarten, is not meant in the least to compete with the public schools of the city, but is intended to take children at an age earlier than the public schools provide for. Nor will the home for children in the tower be an orphan asylum in the generally accepted meaning of that term. It will be conducted for the benefit of children who need a home, whether orphans or not. Dr. Judson and his associates recognize that children with fathers and mothers alive often need such a refuge just as much as orphans. Any one who has had any experience in getting a person admitted to an orphan asylum or other charitable institutions, has learned how these places are hedged about by regulations with which it seems almost impossible to comply. This institution cannot admit an applicant for one reason; the next one does not find any difficulty upon that score, but some other requirement is lacking; and so on, and so on. At this children's home attached to the Judson Memorial Church the requirement is to be that the child needs a home.

The apartment-house is not to be conducted upon charitable principles. It is to be run as a business venture, and for purposes of revenue. The floors are divided into small apartments for men, and there will be provided all the usual comforts of such an establishment, including a restaurant. But in addition there will be a gymnasium and reading-room for the use of the tenants, and also the use of the members of the church, in which there will be religious services every evening in the year.

The scope of the work is not only large but novel, and those having it in charge are approaching it with well-regulated zeal. The design for the buildings was made by Mr. Stamford White, of McKim, Mead, & White, the architect of the Washington Memorial Arch, which is just across the Square from the church. The architecture is of the Italian Renaissance style, and the materials of the exterior are yellow pressed brick, white marble, and terra-cotta. The roof is to be of tiles. The interior of the church will be of ash, pine, and ornamental plaster. The material of the apartment-house is the same as that of the church, without the marble. The interior will be of Georgia pine in its natural finish. It will have fire-proof stairs, be heated by steam, and have elevators for the convenience of the tenants.

In addition to the work now being done in the city by the Berean Church, and which will only be continued on an enlarged scale in the new church, a summer home is maintained at Brattleborough, in Vermont, where forty children at a time are entertained during the hot months for periods of two weeks for each guest. These children are selected by the teachers and missionaries who visit the poor families in lower New York, and find by intimate acquaintance which ones really need the benefit of a vacation in the country. In this way the weak and shy have a chance against the clamorous and obtrusive that too often get the main benefit of charities not intended for them at all.

JOHN GILMER SPEED.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF EDWARD GRIMES, ABLE SEAMAN.

CAPE HORN, the terror of seamen for centuries. Its gloomy surroundings and vicious weather have been described many times, but its characteristics have never been exaggerated. Perpetual lead-colored clouds, where the sun rarely shines; lofty, forbidding, snow-covered cliffs and mountains; turbulent and raging seas, with gales of wind accompanied by fierce squalls; and the cold, nearly always piercing and intense. This, the hardest part of the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, brings dismay and dread to seamen. But even such conditions have their poems, if not their poets; such miseries know their heroes, if not their historians. Let mine be the task to tell a simple yarn of sailor self-denial and of self-repression which is yet a hallowed tradition of the sea.

In the late fall of 1856 the good ship *Magnet*, of Boston, bound from that port to Valparaiso, approached Cape Horn and its stormy weather. A good passage had been made so far. Fresh trade-winds had driven the ship at great speed, until now, under double-reefed topsails and courses, with an unusually favorable slant of weather, she was drawing near the southern point of the continent. The dangerous Strait of Le Maire had been passed in safety, and if the breeze held, the morrow would see her off the cape.

It was Thanksgiving Eve, and the second dog-watch (six to eight o'clock in the evening). The members of the watch below were resting in their berths, smoking, and endeavoring to digest the dainty sea supper they had just eaten, and the watch on deck were sitting on their sea chests ready for a call. The marine picture was a perfect one. In a deck house just abaft the foremast was a room about twenty feet long by fourteen in breadth. On each side were rough berths, in two tiers. In front of these, solidly lashed, stretched a row of sea chests, containing the outfit of the men. These were never locked, for thieving was unknown, and the rights of property were rigidly respected in this commune. Every man's chest was sacred to himself. It was his seat, his wardrobe, his dressing-case—sometimes his bed. A dim lamp made the obscurity a little more visible. A locker at one end was the china closet, containing the tin pots and pans from which the men drank and ate. The forecastle of a merchant-ship is a place of sudden alarms and scant comfort. No sentiment can attach to its dismal and plain appearance. It is only individual characteristics and peculiarities that can at any time gild its unpretentious interior; but as a school for modest heroism it has had a history ever since men first went to sea.

The crew of the *Magnet* were a typical set for those days. Nearly all were young Americans, wiry, active, and intelligent. The thoughts of the season and the approaching anniversary were uppermost in their minds, and inspired their conversation.

"Well," said Johnny Russell, a long-sparred specimen from Salem, "there will be a big blow-out at home to-morrow. My blessed old mother is baking cake about this time that would make your mouths water. Such a stack of dough-nuts as is in the pantry! The turkey lost his head this morning. And oysters!—well, Thanksgiving is no day at our house without oysters. *Such* cranberry sauce!"

Here wrathful cries from the auditors arrested his flowing words. The picture was too much. Duff would be about the most luxurious dish they could expect on the morrow, and that would probably be seasoned with the flying spray and cooled by the piercing wind. The topic, however, could not be banished so readily. One after another pictured the imaginary scenes and the tempting viands peculiar to the season, and found a mental pleasure therein which ill fitted them for the actual reality of the Thanksgiving dinner at sea.

The deep tones of the forecastle bell striking eight o'clock and the sharp summons of the second mate broke up the parliament, and called these imaginary feasters on deck. The favorable wind speeded the ship on valorously all through the night. In the morning the cape, cold, dark, and forbidding, was in sight. The weather was gloomy and depressing, but the *Magnet* was stanch and able, and still held untroubled her great speed. The skipper stumped up and down the poop in good humor. His ship was making miles, where, with the usual wind, she would only make inches or lose ground. Every knot was a gain in time, money, and comfort. He rubbed his hands, and chuckled with glee. His good-humor warmed up the organ that passed for his heart, and calling the steward, he directed him to give the men the unheard-of luxury of *raisins* in their duff on that day. The old man fully deserved his fair wind. It had expanded his soul. He wanted his great joy to be felt by all about him. It was Thanksgiving Day. Give the sailors *raisins* in their duff, and let them rejoice and be happy. Thus does good fortune sometimes affect generous souls.

The steward proceeded to execute this princely mandate; but it is a sad fact that he made the quantity small, and the quality was indifferent. He did not love this particular crew, for the following reasons: With the unmistakable features of a plantation darkey, he had the long, straight, coarse hair of the noble red man. At the beginning of the voyage he had announced himself to be a "Mohawk Injun." The sailors took this statement with a grain of salt. A fish-hook, with a line attached, one day caught in the long locks of the steward, and scalped him. There was a nigger underneath. His resentment was deep, but useless.

So about noon of that Thanksgiving Day the *Magnet* rushed by the Diego Ramirez Islands, and stretched her wings for a long flight into the South Pacific Ocean, and the Jackies sat down to their grand repast of salt pork and duff with raisins in it. "There is many a slip," etc., therefore it is nothing out of the common routine of sea-life to record that as the crew of the *Magnet* were about to partake of their delicious dinner a fierce squall struck the ship, and all hands were suddenly called on deck to take in sail. Cape Horn and other squalls have the same hurried character as time and tide, and so it came to pass that instead of revelling in dinner, the salt-water philosophers were soon aloft on the yards laboriously reefing and furling the sails. This was no light and easy job, and it was some time before they could return and devour the cold and neglected repast. It was an episode not uncommon and not pleasing.

Chilled, wet, and hungry, with sententious remarks and terse epigrams, these sea-dogs sat down to devour their unpalatable Thanksgiving dinner. They washed it down with bitter, lukewarm, so-called coffee, and made some remarks on the superior lot of the farmer as compared with that of the sailor. At last, black strong-looking pipes were filled, and after the benign influence of the soothing weed was felt, the moral and philosophical sky cleared up somewhat, and the optimistic side of the seafaring character began to show itself.

Edward Grimes, able seaman, round-headed, broad-shouldered, short in stature, and sturdy of limb, had for two hours carefully steered the ship and industriously chewed tobacco. From these occupations he came to the feast after the rest had finished. A man of few words and deliberate character, he slowly divested himself of his wet oil clothes, wiped the spray and salt from his countenance, and seating himself upon his sea chest, proceeded to dine. Edward ate with the deliberation of an epicure and the gravity of a statesman. He gave an attentive ear to the flow of conversation about him, but took no part in it. Reminiscence and anecdote were the order of the day, and Tobias Hawkins, of Marblehead, ex-fisherman, ex-shoemaker, and a good all-round sailor, gave a sigh in answer to the question as to where he had been the year before, and said, sadly:

"Yes, boys, I was at home. We all went to church in the morning, and I broke two teeth on the turkey at dinner. Dance in the evening at the Town-hall, and I had the pleasure of going home with a red-headed girl who lisped. Ah! she was a darling; but I am always in trouble among the girls. She said, 'Thut the door, Toby, and thit down by the fire and warm your toeth.' I only asked her for a lock of her hair to put in my shoes to keep my feet warm, and she got mad, and fired me out. I never was much of a success in society."

"That reminds me," said Charley Foster, of Cape Cod, "of Hannah Higgins, who was very beautiful, but she was cross-eyed to a dangerous degree. Hannah was strong, and liked to split wood. I loved her with all my heart, and she used to get me to hold up sticks for her to split. One day she seemed more cross-eyed than ever. As she raised the axe, I asked her if she intended to strike where she was looking. She said, 'Certainly I do. What do you mean?' I told her she must get some one else to hold the stick, as I was unwilling to take the chances. She never forgave me, and you are not alone in trouble, Toby."

"Ah! my boys," said George Nickerson, a bright youngster from Maine, "the girls are too much for us innocent seafaring people. We bang about like this off Cape Horn, and come ashore to spend a few dollars, and they are all smiles while we are flush, but the landlubbers catch them, after all. I made Polly Perkins love me, though, the last time that I was at home. I courted her in a seaman-like manner; but though she was willing enough to have me cart her around to parties, balls, and the like, yet she would not consent to regard me as her steady company. Last Thanksgiving Day I took her rowing, and when we were well out where the water was deep I pulled the plug out of the boat, and told her that she must have me or sink. She held out until the water began to run into her shoes, and then consented. She broke her bargain afterward, though; and she is some other fellow's girl now, and I am ploughing salt-water alone."

The conversation continued, and did not lack spirit, being flavored with many quaint conceits, and having altogether a salt-water flavor. Edward Grimes finished his dinner, slowly filled and lighted his pipe, and smoked and listened peacefully. The absence of anything to cheer and slightly inebriate was dwelt upon with much feeling. Stories of jolly times on shore, with lots of grog and good-fellowship, and larks of a seaman-like nature created much animation among the talkers. Visions of future sprees obliterated the howling of the wind and the washing of the spray. Enthusiasm about the gay scenes on the "Three Tops" in Valparaiso, and the fun ahead when they should arrive there, was very manifest; and the dull interior of the sea palace was enchanted by hope and sentiment.

History has recorded many times that on the eve of convulsions, revolutions, and unforeseen *coups d'état* populations, even the most to be affected by these shocks, are thoughtless and merry, and without prevision. It was so in this case. These jolly sea-dogs were having a good time, not knowing what was before them. Edward Grimes arose from his seat on his sea chest, knocked the ashes from his extinguished pipe, and lifting the lid of his recent seat, slowly drew forth from its interior a long, narrow stone jug; capacity, about one quart.

"Fellers," said he, deliberately, "you may think this is a bottle of turpentine, but it ain't. Likewise you may suppose that it is a bottle of ile for ile clothes, but that ain't what is in this jug. Perhaps you imagine that it is some mixture for greasing boots, but you will be wrong. This here jug has got inside of it a *quart of rum.*"

We do not expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. One solitary full bottle of rum, produced from a sailor's chest on the forty-seventh day at sea, may be regarded as a greater miracle than either of the suppositititious crops above mentioned would be. That chest had stood there all the time unlocked and at the mercy of any searcher. Sixteen men, for nearly two months, had eaten, smoked, and slept within reach of that bottle. In cold, often in hunger and unrest, in wetness and misery, it would have been regarded as a blessed boon; but, unsuspected and unknown, it had rested securely, its secret only known to the steadfast soul of Edward Grimes.

When a deadly white squall spreads devastation on the sea unheralded, when a thunder-bolt falls from the cloudless firmament, then the astonishment and surprise caused is like that produced by the exhibit of Mr. Grimes. One moment devoted to these feelings, and then a shout arose that was never excelled off Cape Horn. Every man sprang to his feet. Edward was at once the centre of an admiring, adoring crowd. Three cheers were called for, and given with a will. Such steadfastness, such admirable prevision, had never been conceived before. The seafaring mind was captivated and charmed. This was, indeed, a shipmate to be proud of. What? Rum off Cape Horn on Thanksgiving Day? Blissful thought! Edward Grimes was indeed a hero. Every one insisted on shaking his honest hand. He was deified, loved, and worshipped. Henceforth the best of everything should be for him.

The ceremony that followed was peculiarly solemn. Calling for a tin pot, the hero of the hour served out an impartial drink to each one of his shipmates. Anxious and careful forms surrounded him, lest some sudden lurch of the ship should cause him to spill a few drops of the precious fluid, or perchance to drop the jug. With uncovered heads, and feelings too deep for utterance, they successfully drank the soothing draught, and each subsided into his place afterward with a deep sigh of speechless content. The man at the wheel and the man on the lookout were promptly relieved, and in joyful surprise both were regaled.

And, thereafter, what of Edward Grimes? The idol of his shipmates, on the arrival of the *Magnet* at Valparaiso, his fame spread greatly. He was the wonder of all the seamen in port. No one had ever heard the like before. It was considered an honor to press his hand and give him drink. His case was deemed to be unparalleled, for it is believed that no sailor-man ever before had the steadfastness to carry a full bottle of rum to sea, and never touch it for forty-seven days. Peace to the memory of Edward Grimes! If he is living, may smooth water and pleasant weather attend him, and if he is no longer sailing on life's sea, let us hope that he is anchored in the pleasant harbor where such steadfast souls deserve to be.

C. H. Rockwell, U.S.N.

SCENES AT THE HORSE SHOW.

The Horse Show in New York has grown to be a "social function" of the first rank. On the opening night seldom has so brilliant an audience been seen to grace any entertainment in the metropolis. Not even a first night at the Metropolitan Opera-house, or in the old Academy days, has a larger or more distinguished gathering been seen. The display of toilets, both in gowns and elaborate evening wraps, was really remarkable even for New York, and the amount of interest and real knowledge displayed of the horse and his belongings evidences afresh the popularity of these exhibitions, and the extension of public interest in the horse himself. The proportion of ladies in attendance was another feature of the exhibition; this was particularly true of the day attendance. In and out of boxes and stalls, riding or driving their own entries in the ring before the judges, talking pedigrees, eagerly discussing the entries — particularly of ladies' saddle-horses and hunters—comparing notes as to the probable success of this or that horse in his class; wearing cut-away coats, waistcoats, neckties, and standing-collars, the horsewoman was everywhere a leading characteristic in the show. At night the brilliant character of the Madison Square Garden building and its admirable adaptability as an amusement hall were completely vindicated. In spite of the immense attendance there were no crowding, no friction, every one could see all that took place in the ring, the focus of general attention. The row of stalls built around the arena, and immediately under the private boxes, gave the occupants of the latter an opportunity to cultivate a close acquaintance with their equine denizens; and many were the pranks these sudden friendships brought about, proving again that "familiarity breeds contempt." Now it would be an opera-glass case, here a veil, there a catalogue, that found its way surreptitiously between the velvety muzzle of some forward cob, hackney, hunter, or coach horse, only to be fished out of the straw in a generally dilapidated and useless condition. Close by the main entrance to the amphitheatre was one stall, about which gathered young and old alike in amused admiration; this was No. 369, Vanity, Shetland bay mare, 9¼, three years old, sired by Montreal out of Pansy, from Mr. Lorillard's Rancocas Farm. Vanity had at her feet a five-months-old brown and white colt foal, by Monte Carlo, who persistently eat his attendant's camp-stool, to the manifest detriment of his present digestion and future stamina and wind. This was always an interesting trio; and at night the colored lad invariably fell asleep, his head against the mare's, while the colt, not finding room enough to lie down, rested his chubby head on the boy's shoulder, while all three slumbered to the intense pleasure of all beholders.

The entire exhibition was managed with the utmost solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of the public, and the Executive Committee were unremitting day and night in looking after its welfare. In this they were most ably seconded by Secretary Hyde and Mr. James W. Morrissey, whose indestructible courtesy and tact as the general business manager helped largely to smooth the path of the association to success. It is no light task to prepare so large a hall for an entertainment so radical in character as a horse show, for six days only, involving as it did the complete transformation of most of the building; that the outcome of the sixth annual exhibition has been so flattering a success must be a very grateful fact to all concerned.

DANIEL S. APPLETON.

On Saturday, November 8th, Daniel Sidney Appleton, a member of the house of D. Appleton & Co., was at his place of business in Bond Street, this city, as was his custom. On the following day at noon he was stricken with apoplexy at his home in University Place, and on Wednesday he passed away. Mr. Appleton was a son of Daniel Appleton, the founder of the publishing house that bears his name, and was born on April 9, 1824, in Boston, where his father at that time was a dry-goods merchant. He was sent to Yale College, and in 1843 was graduated.

After reading law for a year, Mr. Appleton entered his father's business house, which had now become a publishing house. It had been established in this city for about twenty years. Mr. Appleton was soon sent to London as the agent of the house, and remained there two years. His return home in 1849 was due to the ill-health of his father, who died in that year. This event was followed by the admission of Mr. Appleton into the firm, the senior member being his brother, William H. Appleton, who is still the head of the establishment. John A. Appleton, George S. Appleton, and Samuel F. Appleton, all sons of Daniel Appleton, also became members.

When Daniel Appleton removed to New York, in 1825, his age was forty, and he had long been engaged in the dry-goods business in Haverhill, where he was born, and then in Boston. He came here primarily as a dry-goods merchant. His book business, though started as a separate enterprise, was carried on at the same time, being in charge of his eldest son, William Henry. The place of business was then in Exchange Place, but Mr. Appleton soon went to Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street. He thenceforth gave his attention solely to books. From Clinton Hall the business was taken, in 1838, to 200 Broadway. Subsequently a removal was made to Broadway and Leonard Street, and again the firm went still further uptown, and finally, in 1881, to its present quarters in Bond Street.

Daniel S. Appleton for many years had for his special department the manufacturing details of book-making. His particular gifts were the making of estimates and dealing readily with other important matters that required an active mind and sureness of judgment. For a long period he was an important factor in the affairs of the house. In late years he ceased to give to the business very close attention. His health had not been robust, and he was content to see younger men discharge the duties which he had long discharged himself. Still Mr. Appleton was seen at his office with considerable regularity down to the day before he was stricken with the blow that was to prove fatal.

Mr. Appleton was a member of four clubs —the Century, Union, University, and New York Yacht clubs. He had been twice married—in 1858 to Malvina W. Marshall; in 1875 to Sophia W. Lincoln. The first wife died in 1873; the second in 1889. By the first he had a daughter, Malvina, and a son, Daniel Sidney, both of whom survive him.

HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D.

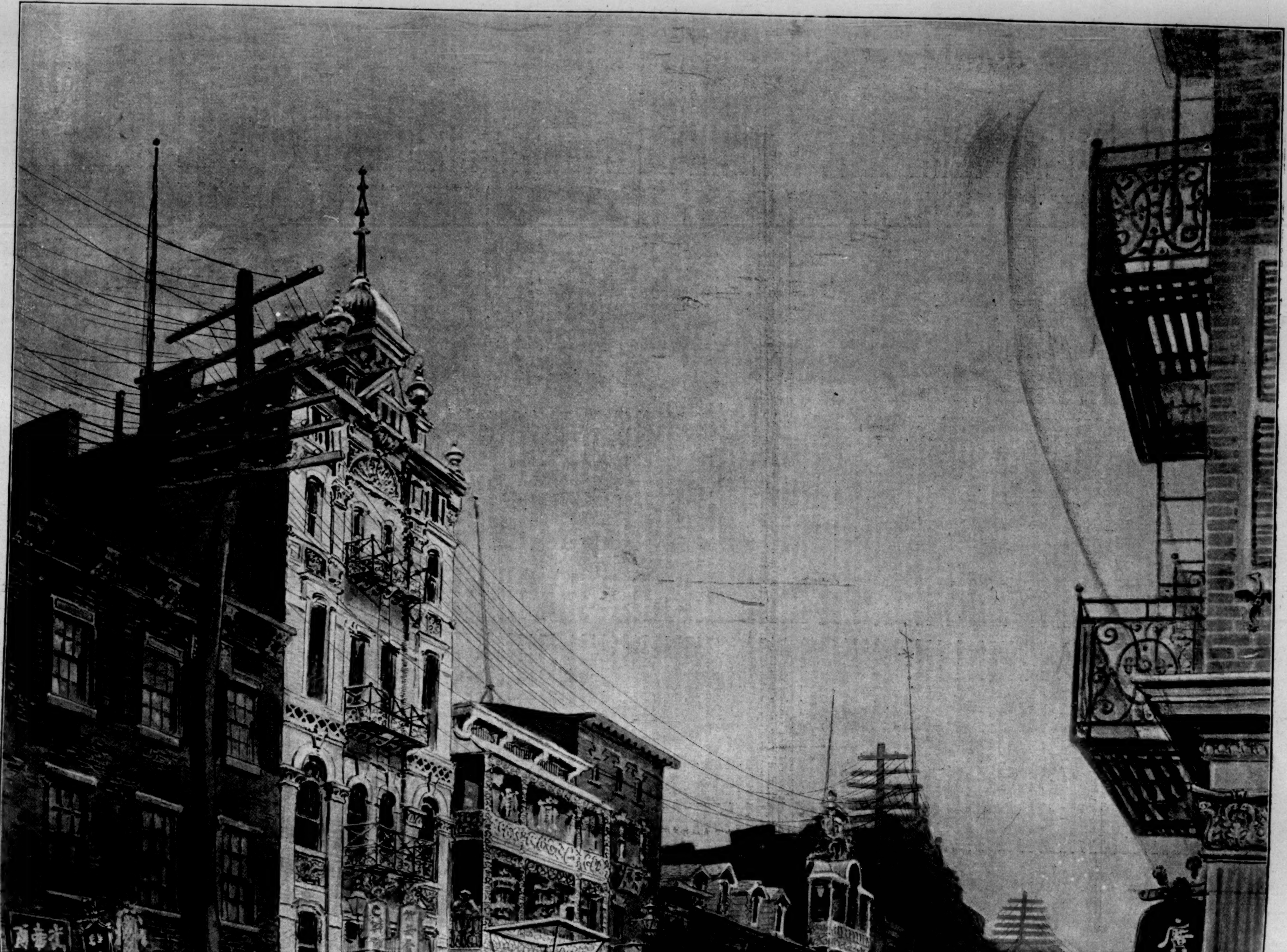
The news that Henry M. Dexter was dead came suddenly even to his intimate friends. Save from the gout, from which he had suffered for several years, his health had been good, and the day before his death he spent some time at work in his garden. On the morning of November 13th his wife entered his room at his home in New Bedford, to find him lying dead upon his bed.

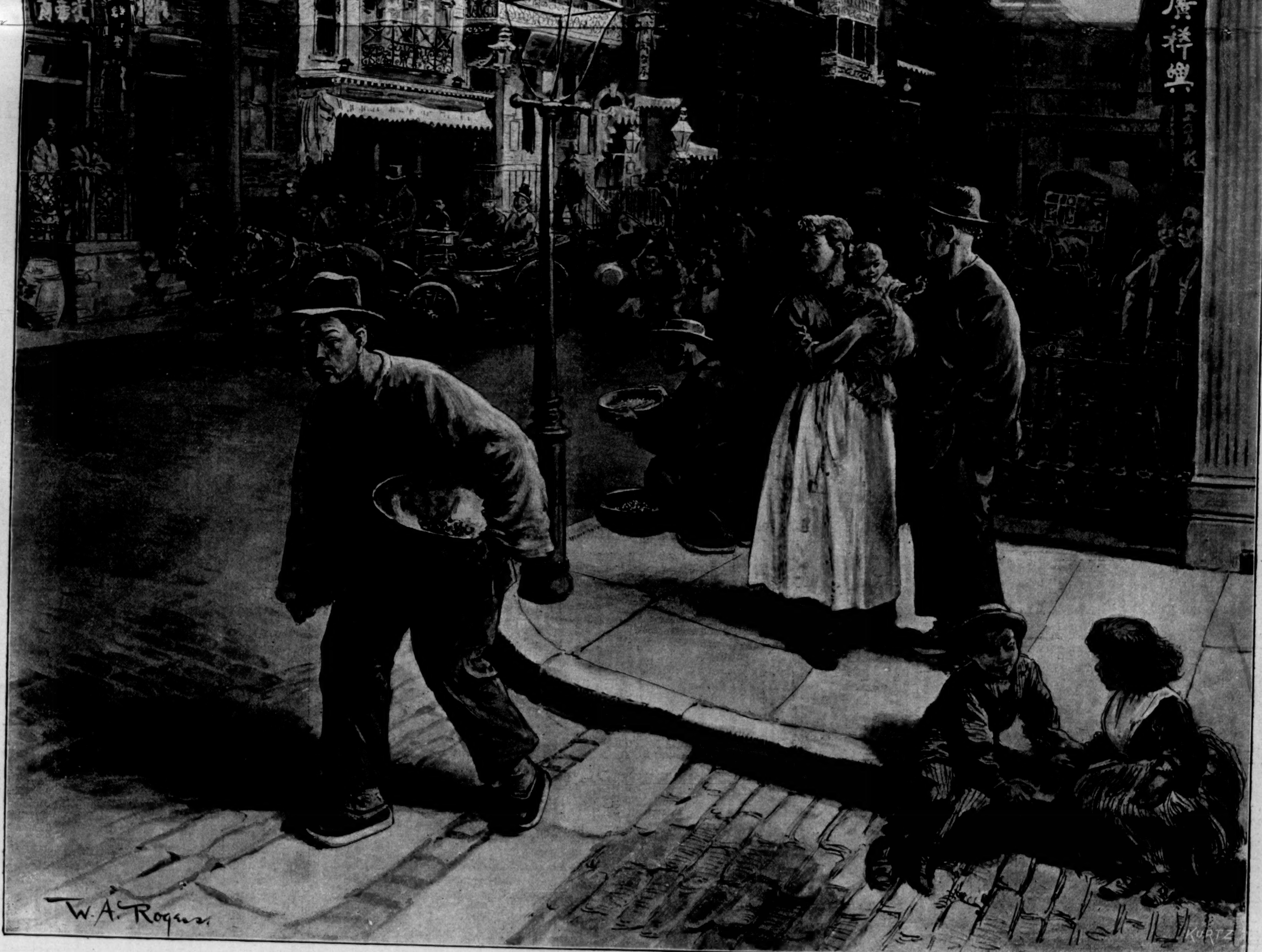
With one exception, and this Dr. Storrs, there was probably no Congregationalist better known in this country than Dr. Dexter. His published works, of which there is a long list, his labor as editor of the *Congregationalist*, and the prominent part he has taken in Church controversies, all contributed to give him foremost rank. As an authority in matters affecting Congregationalism, and especially in regard to the Puritan colony of Plymouth, he had a place apart. His important work, *The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years as seen in its Literature. With Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected or Disputed Passages*; Harper & Brothers, 1880. A competent critic has said of the book, "What it does not tell about Congregationalism is not worth knowing. It is a monument to the zeal, industry, and critical acumen of the author. The lectures which are its basis are enriched by a deep embroidery of notes and a bibliographical index which is a marvel of completeness." It has been accepted as an authority of the first rank. At the time of his death Dr. Dexter was engaged on a history of the Pilgrims. It had occupied him many years, during which he had collected a vast store of material, both here and in England. He had made seventeen visits to England, largely for the purpose of enlarging his knowledge of the subject. The work is said to have been nearly completed.

Dr. Dexter was born at Plympton, Massachusetts, on August 13, 1821, and was a graduate of Yale (1840), and Andover Theological Seminary (1844). Iowa College, in 1865, gave him the Degree of D.D., and Yale, in 1880, that of S.T.D. After leaving Andover, in 1844, he became pastor of a church in Manchester, New Hampshire; and in 1849, went to what is now the Berkeley Street Church in Boston, where he remained until 1867. In the Boston church he was the successor of Dr. Austin Phelps. For the past twenty years his home has been in New Bedford, where he occupied an old-fashioned house, and had for his out-door amusement the cultivation of a garden.

In 1851 he became connected with the *Congregationalist*, which paper was to retain his services during the remainder of his life. Since 1867 the paper has absorbed the greater part of his time, and it is as its editor that he has become most widely known. Dr. Dexter was a born controversialist, and among other cases with which he has been connected is the Andover one of late years. His personality was an extremely interesting one, and, in spite of his positive nature, it had many real charms. One of his virtues was generosity to the weak and poor, and this is said to have been excessive.

Besides his work on Congregationalism already mentioned, he had published, among other works, *As to Roger Williams and his Banishment*, *The True Story of John Smith*, *Common-sense as to Woman Suffrage*, and *A Biography of the Church Struggle in England during the Sixteenth Century* comprising 1800 titles.




W. A. Rogers
KURTZ

A WEDDING IN THE CHINESE QUARTER—MOTT STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 910.]

OUR CHINESE COLONY.

Within the geographical limits of New York city are many groups or settlements that have been gradually absorbed and made parts of the great whole as the city grew from the modest Dutch village of the seventeenth century into the metropolis of to-day. The suburbs then are down-town to-day. The outlying villages and towns are now vaguely remembered, and even the names of Greenwich, Yorkville, Melrose, and the like, are fading from the popular remembrance. Ward lines and the domination of politics are the features of city life to-day, not the English spirit which jealously perpetuates the local names of the different hamlets which have been swallowed up in London.

Altogether different, and to the American habit of thought vastly more important, are the little settlements or colonies of foreigners that, having taken foothold in the city, make certain portions of it picturesque and essentially foreign in appearance. New York is called the most cosmopolitan of all cities, and yet it is hard to realize the fact without studying the entire city. In those portions ordinarily travelled by the average American there is little to indicate the presence of foreign elements that far outnumber the native population. Here and there, however, are blocks and neighborhoods in which the only indication of the fact that this is an American city is to be found in the general architectural appearance. Signs, people, and the outward show of traffic are all distinctly foreign, and often of some single nationality.

Of all these settlements—and there are many of them here—the most picturesque is the Chinese quarter. The almond-eyed children of the Sun are, it is true, scattered all over the city and its suburbs, to the number of more than eight thousand. It is hard to find any neighborhood where there are no Chinese laundries, for they seem to have taken to that business almost exclusively in this part of the country. Nevertheless they have a sort of head-quarters in the neighborhood which they have taken for their own, and here goes on all the traffic—no inconsiderable volume—which they have among themselves. Here are their temples, their gambling-houses, and their opium dens, all under the same roof in some instances. Here are their restaurants, their grocery stores, their society rooms (for every Chinaman belongs to a society), their municipal government (for they have one of their own), their professional people, their artisans, and their bankers. Here are several great Chinese importing houses, and here are the homes of many of them who could afford to live on Fifth Avenue if they chose to do it. As to any one of these, a long and interesting chapter might be written, but we are now considering the colony as a whole.

It is not a healthful, an inviting, nor a beautiful place which we are studying. On the contrary, it is squalid in appearance, rickety, old, and ill-preserved as to its buildings, badly kept as to its streets, and at the first glance seeming like the haunt of despairing poverty. It has, however, two advantages which, to the mind of the Mongolian, outweigh the disadvantages. It is a central location, easy of access by the principal routes of travel from all directions, and the rents are cheaper than they would be likely to get in any other neighborhood equally accessible. The Chinaman does not come to America to spend money, especially in rents. He comes to accumulate.

The neighborhood which they have appropriated is small, comprising only about three city blocks in Mott and Pell streets just out of Chatham Square, but their ideas about space are those which obtain in all the crowded tenement districts of the city, and some thousands of them are to be found here night and day. No exact statement of numbers is possible, for they are suspicious and secretive, and take refuge in their ignorance, either real or pretended, of the English language, when questioned by the "Melican man." Moreover, this is the pleasure resort of all those who live and work elsewhere. When work is slack, or they feel inclined for a holiday, they seek their companionship and their dissipations in the company of their compatriots. Here, too, they worship, naïvely seeking the aid and comfort of their religion whether they are bent on business or debauchery.

They have built one house only, renting all the others they occupy. This one is a large double tenement-house of ordinary New York fashion, and in it, as said above, are a temple, shops, homes, and gambling and opium dens. On every house in the district, however, are the queer-looking signs, hieroglyphically illegible to the Caucasian, which indicate the business carried on within. The vista of the street with these projecting signs, handsome and grotesque lanterns, and queer tinsel ornaments, hung out apparently for decorations only, is so quaint as to be bewildering to the average New-Yorker, who has not studied the queer sides of the city.

The Chinaman has unlimited capacity for work, seeming to ignore even the necessity for sleep when he can earn a dollar, but he appears to have equal ability in the matter of enjoying idleness. A stroll westward from Chatham Square on any sunny afternoon will give the stroller a chance to see the Mongolians idling. They stand on every corner and on every door-step, apparently not even thinking, just absorbing the sunlight through their uncouth, loose clothing. On every side, however, there are indications of bustling activity. Here goes a coolie, muscular and stout, wearing an ordinary butcher's apron over his nondescript raiment, and wheeling a heavy hand-truck. Just beyond, squatting on the curb, is another, sifting the dust from a quantity of spice through a bamboo seive, polished and handsome. On the corner stands a fat, evil-eyed, elderly man, who from his appearance might be a "high-binder," or executioner charged with the arrest or punishment of some offender against Chinese law. He pretends to be idle, but with the keenness of a lynx he watches the entire street, and it is easy to suppose that whatever sentence he may have been ordered to execute, even if it be the death penalty, will certainly be carried out. For these people do not hesitate to enforce their laws, even to the bitterest extremity, without seeking the authority of our courts.

There is a newspaper published for this colony in the Chinese language, but the main reliance of the people for their news is placed on the bulletins, or official announcements made by the societies, and on similar bulletins posted up by private individuals. These are strips or sheets of light red paper generally, on which are written with a brush the announcements of any important events likely to be of general interest. They are pasted up, ordinarily, beside the doors of the stores and restaurants, and being allowed to remain till the weather strips them off, they give a ragged and unkempt look to the doorways which would distress a New-Englander beyond endurance. The Chinaman, though, reserves his neatness for his person and the interior of his apartments. A sea of filth outside his doors would not affect him.

Other signs and announcements are carved and painted on wood or tin. Placards some two feet square, of wood or tin, may be seen here and there hanging on or beside closed doors, which the initiated understand to mean: "The game is now going on. Come in and try your luck." The police, however, are seldom initiated, and the games are not often disturbed. Over the doors, painted in English letters, are a few such signs as "Quong, Chin, Sing, & Co." These indicate the stores inside, where the Chinese can buy the various supplies which are imported for their use. A few importing houses control this business, and employ large capital in the trade. Around the gutters, playing on terms of equality with the other gamins, may be seen a few boys whose features betray their mingled blood. No Chinese women or girls are ever seen by strangers, for the few who are here are jealously kept in seclusion. Many of the Chinese, however, unable to bring their wives from the Flowery Kingdom, have intermarried with the Irish. Whether they prefer Irish, or are unable to win other women, no outsider can say; but it is a fact that all, or nearly all, the women who have married Chinamen here are Hibernians. It is only about twelve or fifteen years since these marriages began, so that the children are all yet young. What kind of people the hybrids will prove to be is yet an unsolved problem.

The colony is usually peaceful; for the Chinaman, though a furious savage when aroused, is not given to fighting as a rule. On holidays, however, such as their New-Year's Day, the jollifications are something remarkable. Sociable visiting, feasting, and the noise of millions of fire-crackers transform the usually quiet neighborhood into the scene of a carnival. There is no drunkenness visible, however, for the Chinaman does not get drunk on alcohol, though he always uses it in moderation. Opium is his intoxicant, and he indulges in that only under cover. Only one habitual liquor drunkard is known to the police in all the colony.

With the little fighting and total absence of drunkenness which are to be found among the Chinese, it is easily to be seen that they give the police little to do. That vice of various kinds most abhorrent to the Anglo-Saxon mind is rampant among the Chinese there is no question possible. They are, however, so cunning in guarding it from public knowledge that the police seldom discover it, and still more seldom feel called on to interfere.

THE RECORD OF BADALIA HERODSFOOT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

II.

Hennessy's Rents lay more than two miles from Gunnison Street, and were inhabited by much the same class of people. Tom had established himself there with Jenny Wabstow, his new woman, and for weeks lived in great fear of Badalia's suddenly descending upon him. The prospect of actual fighting did not scare him; but he objected to the police court that would follow, and the orders for maintenance and other devices of the law that cannot understand the simple rule that "when a man's tired of a woman 'e ain't such a bloomin' fool as to live with 'er no more, an' that's the long an' short of it." For some months his new wife wore very well, and kept Tom in a state of decent fear and consequent orderliness. Also, work was plentiful. Then a baby was born, and following the law of his kind, Tom, little interested in the children he helped to produce, sought distraction in drink. He had confined himself, as a rule, to beer, which is stupefying and comparatively innocuous; at least, it clogs the legs, and though the heart may ardently desire to kill, sleep comes swiftly, and the crime often remains undone. Spirits, being more volatile, allow both the flesh and the soul to work together—generally to the inconvenience of others. Tom discovered that there was merit in whiskey—if you only took enough of it—cold. He took as much as he could purchase or get given him, and by the time that his woman was fit to go abroad again the two rooms of their household were stripped of many valuable articles. Then the woman spoke her mind, not once, but several times, with point, fluency, and metaphor; and Tom was indignant at being deprived of peace at the end of his day's work, which included much whiskey. He therefore withdrew himself from the solace and companionship of Jenny Wabstow, and she therefore pursued him with more metaphors. At the last, Tom would turn around and hit her—sometimes across the head, and sometimes across the breast, and the bruises furnished material for discussion on doorsteps among such women as had been treated in like manner by their husbands. They were not few.

But no very public scandal had occurred till Tom one day saw fit to open negotiations with a young woman on the subject of matrimony according to the laws of free selection. He was getting very tired of Jenny, and the young woman was earning enough from flower-selling to keep him in comfort, whereas Jenny was expecting another baby, and most unreasonably expected consideration on this account. The shapelessness of her figure revolted him, and he said as much in the language of his breed. Jenny cried till Mrs. Hart, lineal descendant, and Irish, of the "mother to Mike of the donkey cart," stopped her on her own staircase, and whispered, "God be good to you, Jenny, my woman, for I see how 'tis with you." Jenny wept more than ever, and half dazed with the sickness that makes the banisters swim in the morning, gave Mrs. Hart a penny and some kisses, while Tom was conducting his own wooing at the corner of the street.

The young woman, prompted by pride, not by virtue, told Jenny of his offers; and she spoke to Tom that night. The altercation began in their own rooms, but Tom tried to escape; and in the end all Hennessy's Rents gathered themselves upon the pavement and formed a court, to which Jenny appealed from time to time, her hair loose on her neck, her raiment in extreme disorder, and her steps astray from drink. "When your man drinks, you'd better drink too! It don't 'urt so much when 'e 'its you then," says the Wisdom of the Women. And surely they ought to know.

"Look at 'im!" shrieked Jenny—"look at 'im, standin' there without any word to say for himself, that 'ud smitch off and leave me, an' never so much as a shillin' lef' be'ind! You call yourself a man—you call yourself the —— shadow of a man? I've seen better men than you made outer chewed paper an' sput out arterwards. Look at 'im! 'E's been drunk since Thursday last, an' 'e'll be drunk s' long's 'e can get drink. 'E's took all I've got, an' me—an' me—as you see—"

A murmur of sympathy from the women.

"Took it all, he did; an' atop of his blasted pickin' an' stealin'—yes, you, you thief—'e goes off an' tries to take up long o' that"—here followed a complete and minute description of the young woman afore-mentioned. Luckily, she was not on the spot to hear. "'E'll serve 'er as 'e served me! 'E'll drink every bloomin' copper she makes, an' then leave 'er alone, same as 'e done me! Oh, women, look you, I've bore 'im one, an' there's another on the way, an' 'e'd up an' leave me as I am now—the stinkin' dorg! An' you may leave me. I don't want none o' your leavin's. Go away! Get away!" The hoarseness of passion overpowered the voice. The crowd attracted a policeman as Tom began to slink away.

"Look at 'im!" said Jenny, grateful for the new listener. "Ain't there no law for such as 'im? 'E's took all my money; 'e's beat me once, twice, an' over. 'E's swine drunk when 'e ain't mad drunk, an' now—an' now 'e's trying to pick up along o' another woman. 'Im I give up a four-times better man for. Ain't there no law?"

"What's the matter now? You go on into your 'ouse. I'll see to the man. 'As 'e been 'ittin' you?" said the policeman.

"'Ittin' me? 'E's cut my 'eart in two! An' 'e stands there grinnin' as tho' 'twas all a play to 'im."

"You go on into your 'ouse, an' lie down a bit."

"I'm a married woman, I tell you, an' I'll 'ave my 'usband."

"I 'ain't done her no bloomin' 'arm," said Tom, from the edge of the crowd. He felt that public opinion was running against him.

"You 'ain't done me any bloomin' good, you dorg. I'm a married woman, I am, an' I won't 'ave my 'usband took from me."

"Well, if you are a married woman, go into the 'ouse," said the policeman, soothingly. He was used to domestic brawls.

"Sha'n't. Thank you for your impidence. Look 'ere." She tore open her dishevelled bodice, and showed such crescent-shaped bruises as are made by a well-applied chair back. "That's what 'e done to me acause my 'eart wouldn't break quick enough. 'E's tried to get in an' break it. Look at that, Tom, that you gave me last night, an' I made it up with you. But that was before I knew what you were trying to do long o' that woman."

"D' you charge 'im?" said the policeman. "'E'll get a month for it, pr'aps."

"No," said Jenny, firmly. It was one thing to expose her man to the scorn of the street, and another to lead him to jail.

"Then you go in an' lie down, and you"—this to the crowd—"pass along the pavement there. Pass along. 'Tain't nothing to laugh at." To Tom, who was being sympathized with by his friends, "It's good for you she didn't charge you, but mind this now, the next time," etc.

Tom did not at all appreciate Jenny's forbearance, nor did his friends help to compose his mind. He had whacked the woman because she was a nagging nuisance. For precisely the same reason he had cast about for a new mate. And all his kind acts had ended in a truly painful scene in the street, a most unjustifiable exposure by and of his woman, and a certain loss of caste—this he realized dimly—among his associates. Consequently all women were nuisances, and consequently whiskey was a good thing. His friends condoled with him. Perhaps he had been more hard on his woman than she deserved, but her disgraceful conduct under provocation excused all offence.

"I wouldn't 'ave no more to do with 'er—a woman like that there," said one comforter.

"Let 'er go an' dig for her bloomin' self. A man wears 'isself out to a skeleton shovin' meat down their mouths, while they sit at 'ome easy all day; an' the very fust time, mark you, you 'as a bit of a difference, an' very proper, too, for a man as *is* a man, she ups an' 'as you out into the street, callin' you Gawd knows what all. What's the good o' that, I arx you?" So spoke the second comforter.

The whiskey was the third, and his suggestion struck Tom as the best of all. He would return to Badalia, his wife. Probably she would have been doing something wrong while he had been away, and he could then vindicate his authority as a husband. Certainly she would have money. Single women always seemed to possess the pence that God and the government denied to hard-working men. He refreshed himself with more whiskey. It was beyond any doubt that Badalia would have done something wrong. She might even have married another man. He would wait till the new husband was out of the way, and, after kicking Badalia, would get money, and a long-absent sense of satisfaction. There is much virtue in a creed or a law, but when all is prayed and suffered, drink is the only thing that will make clean all a man's deeds in his own eyes. Pity it is that the effects are not permanent.

Tom parted with his friends, bidding them tell Jenny that he was going to Gunnison Street, and would return to her arms no more. Because this was the devil's message, they remembered and severally delivered it, with drunken distinctness, in Jenny's ears. Then Tom took more drink till his drunkenness rolled back and stood off from him as a wave rolls back and stands off the wreck it will swamp. He reached the traffic-polished black asphalt of a side street, and trod warily among the reflections of the shop lamps that burned in gulfs of pitchy darkness, fathoms beneath his boot heels. He was very sober indeed. Looking down his past, he beheld that he was justified of all his actions so entirely and perfectly that if Badalia had in his absence dared to lead a blameless life he would smash her for not having gone wrong.

Badalia at that moment was in her own room, after the regular nightly skirmish with Lascar Loo's mother. To a reproof as stinging as a Gunnison Street tongue could make it, the old woman, detected for the hundredth time in the theft of the poor delicacies meant for the invalid, could only cackle and answer, "D'you think Loo's never bilked a man in 'er life? She's dyin' now, on'y she's so —— cunning long about it. Me! I'll live for twenty years yet."

Badalia shook her, more on principle than in any hope of curing her, and thrust her into the night, where she collapsed on the pavement, and called upon the devil to slay Badalia.

He came upon the word in the shape of a man with a very pale face who asked for her by name. Lascar Loo's mother remembered. It was Badalia's husband, and the return of a husband to Gunnison Street was generally followed by beatings.

"Where's my wife?" said Tom. "Where's my slut of a wife?"

"Upstairs an' be —— to her!" said the old woman, falling over on her side. "'Ave you come back for 'er, Tom?"

"Yes. 'Oo's she took up while I've bin gone?"

"All the bloomin' curicks in the parish. She's that set up you wouldn't know 'er."

"'Strewth she is!"

"Oh yuss. Mor'n that, she's always round an' about with them sniffin' Sisters of Charity an' the curick. Mor'n that, 'e gives 'er money—pounds an' pounds a week. Been keepin' her that way for months, 'e 'as. No wonder you wouldn't 'ave nothin' to do with 'er when you left. An' she keeps me outer the food-stuff they gets for me lyin' dyin' out 'ere like a dorg. She's been a blazin' bad un 'as Badalia since you lef'."

"Got the same room still, 'as she?" said Tom, striding over Lascar Loo, who was picking at the chinks between the pavestones.

"Yes, but so fine you wouldn't know it.

Tom went up the stairs, and the old lady chuckled. Tom was angry. Badalia would not be able to bump people for some time to come, or to interfere with the heaven-appointed distribution of custards.

Badalia, undressing to go to bed, heard feet on the stair that she knew well. Ere they stopped to kick at her door she had, in her own fashion, thought through several volumes of the book of human life.

"Tom's back," she said to herself. "An' I'm glad....spite o' the curick an' everythink."

She opened the door, crying his name.

The man pushed her aside. "I don't want none o' your kissin's an' slaverin's. I'm sick of 'em," said he.

"You 'ain't 'ad so many neither to make you sick these two years past."

"I've 'ad better. Got any money?"

"On'y a little—orful little."

"That's a —— lie, an' you know it."

"'Tain't; and, oh, Tom, what's the use o' talkin' money the minute you come back? Didn't you like Jenny? I knowed you wouldn't."

"Shut your 'ead. 'Ain't you got enough to make a man drunk fair?"

"You don't want bein' made more drunk any. You're drunk a'ready. You come to bed, Tom."

"To you?"

"Ay, to me. Ain't I nothin'—spite o' Jenny?" She put out her arms as she spoke. But the drink held Tom fast.

"Not for me," said he, steadying himself against the wall. "Don't I know 'ow you've been goin' on while I was away, yah!"

"Arsk about!" said Badalia, indignantly, drawing herself together. "'Oo sez anythink agin me 'ere?"

"'Oo sez? W'y, everybody. I 'ain't come back more'n a minute 'fore I finds you've been with the curick Gawd knows where. Wot curick was 'e?"

"The curick that's 'ere always," said Badalia, hastily. She was thinking of anything rather than the Rev. Eustace Hanna at that moment. Tom sat down gravely in the only chair in the room. Badalia continued her arrangements for going to bed.

"Pretty thing that," said Tom, "to tell your own lawful married 'usband—an' I guv five bob for the weddin'-ring. Curick that's 'ere always! Cool as brass you are. 'Ain't you got no shame? Ain't 'e under the bed now?"

"Tom, you're bleedin' drunk. I 'ain't done nothin' to be 'shamed of."

"You! You don't know wot shame is. But I 'ain't come 'ere to mess with you. Give me wot you've got, an' then I'll dress you down, an' go to Jenny."

"I 'ain't got nothin' 'cept some coppers an' a shillin' or so."

"Wot's that about the curick keepin' you on five poun' a week?"

"'Oo told you that?"

"Lascar Loo's mother, lyin' on the pavemint outside, an' more honest than you'll ever be. Give me wot you've got."

Badalia passed over to a little shell pincushion on the mantel-piece, drew thence four shillings and threepence—the lawful earnings of her mangle—and held them out to the man, who was rocking in his chair, and surveying the room with wide-opened rolling eyes.

"That ain't five poun'," said he, drowsily.

"I 'ain't got no more. Take it an' go, if you won't stay."

Tom rose slowly, gripping the arms of the chair. "Wot about the curick's money that 'e guv you?" said he. "Lascar Loo's mother told me. You give it over to me now, or I'll make you."

"Lascar Loo's mother don't know anything about it."

"She do, an' more than you want 'er to know."

"She don't. I've bumped the 'eart out 'er, and I can't give you the money. Anything else but that, Tom, an' everything else but that, Tom, I'll give willin' an' true. 'Tain't my money. Won't the dollar be enough? That money's my trust. There's a book along of it, too."

"Your trust? Wot are you doin' with any trust that your 'usband don't know of? You an' your trust! Take you that!" Tom stepped toward her and delivered a blow of the clinched fist across the mouth. "Give me wot you've got," said he, in the thick, abstracted voice of one talking in dreams.

"I won't," said Badalia, staggering to the wash-stand. With any other man than her husband she would have fought savagely as a wild-cat; but Tom had been absent two years, and perhaps a little timely submission would win him back to her. None the less, the weekly trust was sacred.

The wave that had so long held back descended on Tom's brain. He caught Badalia by the throat and forced her to her knees. It seemed just to him in that hour to punish an erring wife for two years of wilful desertion; and the more, in that she had confessed her guilt by refusing to give up the wage of sin.

Lascar Loo's mother waited on the pavement without for the sounds of lamentation, but none came. Even if Tom had released her gullet, Badalia would not have screamed.

"Give it up, you slut!" said Tom. "Is that 'ow you pay me back for all I've done?"

"I can't. 'Tain't my money. Gawd forgive you, Tom, for wot you're—" The voice ceased as the grip tightened, and Tom heaved Badalia against the bed. Her forehead struck the bedpost, and she sank, half kneeling, on the floor. It was impossible for a self-respecting man to refrain from kicking her; so Tom kicked with the deadly intelligence born of whiskey. The head drooped to the floor, and Tom kicked at that till the crisp tingle of hair striking through his nailed boot with the chill of cold water warned him that it might be as well to desist.

"Where's the curick's money, you kep' woman?" he whispered in the blood-stained ear. But there was no answer—only a rattling at the door, and the voice of Jenny Wabstow crying, ferociously:

"Come out o' that, Tom, an' come 'ome with me! An' you, Badalia, I'll tear your face off its bones!"

Tom's friends had delivered their message, and Jenny, after the first flood of passionate tears, rose up to follow Tom, and, if possible, to win him back. She was prepared even to endure an exemplary whacking for her performances in Hennessy's Rents. Lascar Loo's mother guided her to the chamber of horrors, and chuckled as she retired down the staircase. If Tom had not banged the soul out of Badalia, there would at least be a royal fight between that Badalia and Jenny. And Lascar Loo's mother knew well that hell has no fury like a woman fighting above the life that is quick in her.

Still there was no sound audible in the street. Jenny swung back the unbolted door, to discover her man stupidly regarding a heap by the bed. An eminent murderer has remarked that if people did not die so untidily, most men, and all women, would commit at least one murder in their lives. Tom was reflecting on the present untidiness, and the whiskey was fighting with the clear current of his thoughts.

"Don't make that noise," he said. "Come in, quick!"

"My Gawd!" said Jenny, checking like a startled wild beast. "Wot's all this 'ere? You 'ain't—"

"Dun'no'. S'pose I did it."

"Did it? You done it a sight too well this time."

"She was aggravatin'," said Tom, thickly, dropping back into the chair. "That aggravatin' you'd never believe. Livin' on the fat o' the land among these aristocratic parsons an' all. Look at them white curtings on the bed. *We* 'ain't got no white curtings. What I want to know is—" The voice died as Badalia's had died, but from a different cause. The whiskey was tightening its grip after the accomplished deed, and Tom's eyes were beginning to close. Badalia on the floor breathed heavily.

"No, nor like to 'ave," said Jenny. "You've done for 'er this time. You go!"

"Not me. She won't hurt. Do 'er good. I'm goin' to sleep. Look at those there clean sheets! Are you comin' too?"

Jenny bent over Badalia, and there was intelligence in the battered woman's eyes—intelligence and much hate.

"I never told 'im to do such," Jenny whispered. "'Twas Tom's own doin', none o' mine. Shall I get 'im took, dear?"

The eyes told their own story. Tom, who was beginning to snore, must not be taken by the law.

"Go," said Jenny. "Get out! Get out of 'ere."

"You—told—me—that—this afternoon," said the man, very sleepily. "Lemme go asleep."

"That wasn't nothing. You'd only 'it me. This time it's murder—murder—murder! Tom, you've killed 'er now." She shook the man from his rest, and understanding with cold terror filled his fuddled brain.

"I done it for your sake, Jenny," he whimpered, feebly, trying to take her hand.

"Go to 'ell! You killed 'er for the money, same as you would ha' killed me. Get out o' this. Lay 'er on the bed first, you brute!"

They lifted Badalia on to the bed, and crept forth silently.

"I can't be took along o' you; and if you was took, you'd say I made you do it, an' try to get me 'anged. Go away—anywhere outer 'ere," said Jenny, and she dragged him down the stairs.

"Goin' to look for the curick?" said a voice from the pavement. Lascar Loo's mother was still waiting patiently to hear Badalia squeal.

"Wot curick?" said Jenny, swiftly. There was a chance of salving her conscience yet in regard to the bundle upstairs.

"'Anna—63 Roomer Terrace—close 'ere," said the old woman. She had never been favorably regarded by the curate. Perhaps, since Badalia had not squealed, Tom preferred smashing the man to the woman. There was no accounting for tastes.

Jenny thrust her man before her till they reached the nearest main road. "Go away now," she gasped. "Go off anywheres, but don't come back to me. I'll never go with you agin, an'—Tom—Tom, d' you 'ear me—clean your boots."

Vain counsel! The desperate thrust of disgust which she bestowed upon him sent him staggering face down into the kennel, where a policeman showed interest in his welfare.

"Took for a common drunk. Gawd send they don't look at 'is boots! 'Anna, 63 Roomer Terrace!" Jenny settled her hat and ran.

The excellent house-keeper of the Roomer Chambers still remembers how there arrived a young person, blue-lipped and gasping, who cried only: "Badalia, 17 Gunnison Street. Tell the curate to come at once—at once—at once!" and vanished into the night. This message was borne to the Rev. Eustace Hanna, then enjoying his beauty sleep. He saw there was urgency in the demand, and unhesitatingly knocked up Brother Victor across the landing. As a matter of etiquette, Rome and England divided their cases in the district according to the creeds of the sufferers; but Badalia was an institution, and not a case, and there was no district-relief etiquette to be considered.

"Something has happened to Badalia," the curate said, "and it's your affair as well as mine. Dress and come along."

"I am ready," was the answer. "Is there any hint of what's wrong?"

"Nothing beyond a runaway knock and a call."

"Then it's a confinement or a murderous assault. Badalia wouldn't wake us for anything else. I'm qualified for both, thank God!"

"I'd give much if our Church insisted on decent medical training. I've subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles, but it would be better if I had subscribed to the *Lancet* intelligently from the beginning. Come along."

The two men raced to Gunnison Street, for there were no cabs abroad, and, under any circumstances, a cab fare means two days' good firing for such as are perishing with cold. Lascar Loo's mother had gone to bed, and the door was naturally on the latch. They found considerably more than they had expected in Badalia's room, and the Church of Rome acquitted itself nobly with bandages, while the Church of England could only pray to be delivered from the sin of envy. The Order of Little Ease, recognizing that the soul is in most cases accessible through the body, take their measures and train their men accordingly.

"She'll do now," said Brother Victor, in a whisper. "It's internal bleeding, I fear, and a certain amount of injury to the brain. She has a husband, of course?"

"They all have, more's the pity."

"Yes, there's a domesticity about these injuries that shows their origin." He lowered his voice. "It's a perfectly hopeless business, you understand. Twelve hours at the longest."

Badalia's right hand began to beat on the counterpane, palm down.

"I think you are wrong," said the Church of England. "She is going."

"No; that's not picking at the counterpane," said the Church of Rome. "She wants to say something; you know her better than I." The curate bent very low.

"Send for Miss Eva," said Badalia, with a cough.

"In the morning. She will come in the morning," said the curate; and Badalia was content.

Only the Church of Rome, who knew something of the human heart, knitted his brows, and said nothing. After all, the law of his order was plain. His duty was to watch till the dawn while the gray worn moon went down.

It was a little before her sinking that the Rev. Eustace Hanna said: "Hadn't we better send for Sister Eva? She seems to be going fast."

Brother Victor made no answer; but as early as decency admitted, there came one to the door of the house of the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond, and demanded Sister Eva that she might soothe the pain of Badalia Herodsfoot. That man, saying very little, led her to Gunnison Street, No. 17, and into the room where Badalia lay. Then he stood on the landing, and bit the flesh of his fingers in agony, because he was a priest and a man, and knew how the hearts of men and women beat back at the rebound, so that love is born out of horror, and passion declares itself when the soul is quivering with pain.

Badalia, wise to the last, husbanded her strength till the coming of Sister Eva. It is generally maintained by the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond that she died in delirium, but since one Sister at least took a half of her dying advice, this seems uncharitable.

She tried to turn feebly on the bed, and the poor broken human machinery protested, according to its nature.

Sister Eva started forward, thinking that she heard the dread forerunner of the death-rattle. Badalia lay still conscious, and spoke with startling distinctness, the irrepressible irreverence of the street-hawker, the girl who had danced on the winkle barrow, twinkling in her one available eye.

"Sounds jest like Mrs. Jessel, don't it? Before she's 'ad 'er lunch, an' 'as been talkin' all the mornin' to her classes."

Neither Sister Eva nor the curate said anything. Brother Victor stood without the door, and the breath came harshly between his clinched teeth. He was in pain.

"Put a cloth over my 'ead," said Badalia; "I've got it good, an' I don't want Miss Eva to see. I ain't pretty this time."

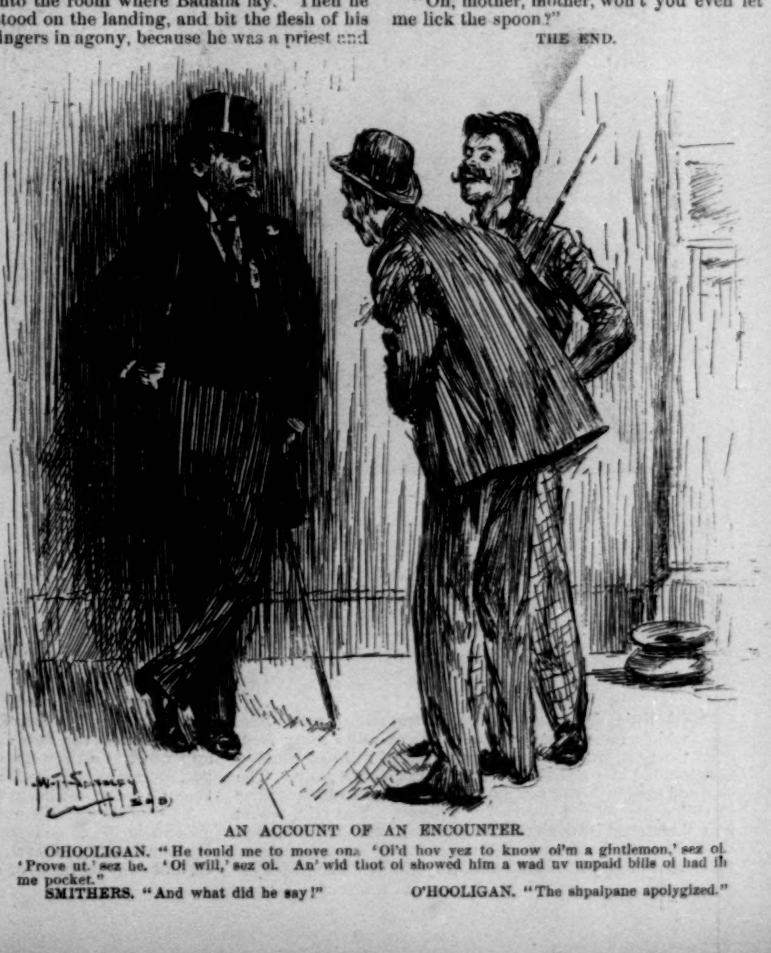
"Who was it?" said the curate.

"Man from outside. Never seed 'im no more'n Adam. Drunk, I s'pose. S'elp me ——, that's truth! Is Miss Eva 'ere? I can't see under the towel. I've got it good, Miss Eva. Excuse my not shakin' 'ands with you, but I'm not strong, an' it's fourpence for Mrs. Imeny's beef tea, an' wot you can give 'er for baby linning. Allus 'avin' kids, these people. I 'adn't oughter talk, for *my* 'usband 'e never come nigh me these two years, or I'd 'a' bin as bad as the rest; but 'e never come nigh me.... A man come and 'it me over the 'ead, an' 'e kicked me, Miss Eva; so it was just the same 's if I had ha' had a 'usband, ain't it? The book's in the drawer, Mister 'Anna, an' it's all right, an' I never guv up a copper o' the trust money—not a copper. You look under the chist o' drawers—all wot isn't spent this week is there.... An', Miss Eva, don't you wear that gray bonnick no more. I kep' you from the diptheery, an'—an' I didn't want to keep you so, but the curick said it 'ad to be done. I'd a sooner ha' took up with 'im than any one, only Tom he come, an' then—you see, Miss Eva, Tom 'e never come nigh me for two years, nor I 'aven't seen 'im yet. S'elp me ——, I haven't! Do you 'ear? But you two go along, an' make a match o' it. I've wished otherways often, but o' course it was not for the likes o' me. If Tom 'ad come back, which 'e never did, I'd ha' been like the rest—sixpence for beef tea for the baby, a shillin' for layin' out the baby. You've seen it in the books, Mister 'Anna. That's what it is; an' o' course you couldn't never 'ave nothing to do with me. But a woman she wishes as she looks, an' never you 'ave no doubt about 'im, Miss Eva. I've seen it in 'is face time an' agin—time an' agin. .... Make it a four-pound-ten funeral—with the pall."

It was a seven-pound-fifteen-shilling funeral, and all Gunnison Street turned out to do it honor. All but two; for Lascar Loo's mother saw that a power had departed, and that her road lay clear to the custards. Therefore, when the carriages rattled off, the cat on the door-step heard the wail of the dying woman who could not die:

"Oh, mother, mother, won't you even let me lick the spoon?"

THE END.



AN ACCOUNT OF AN ENCOUNTER.

O'HOOLIGAN. "He tould me to move on. 'Oi'd hov yez to know oi'm a gintlemon,' sez oi. 'Prove ut,' sez he. 'Oi will,' sez oi. An' wid thot oi showed him a wad uv unpaid bills oi had in me pocket."

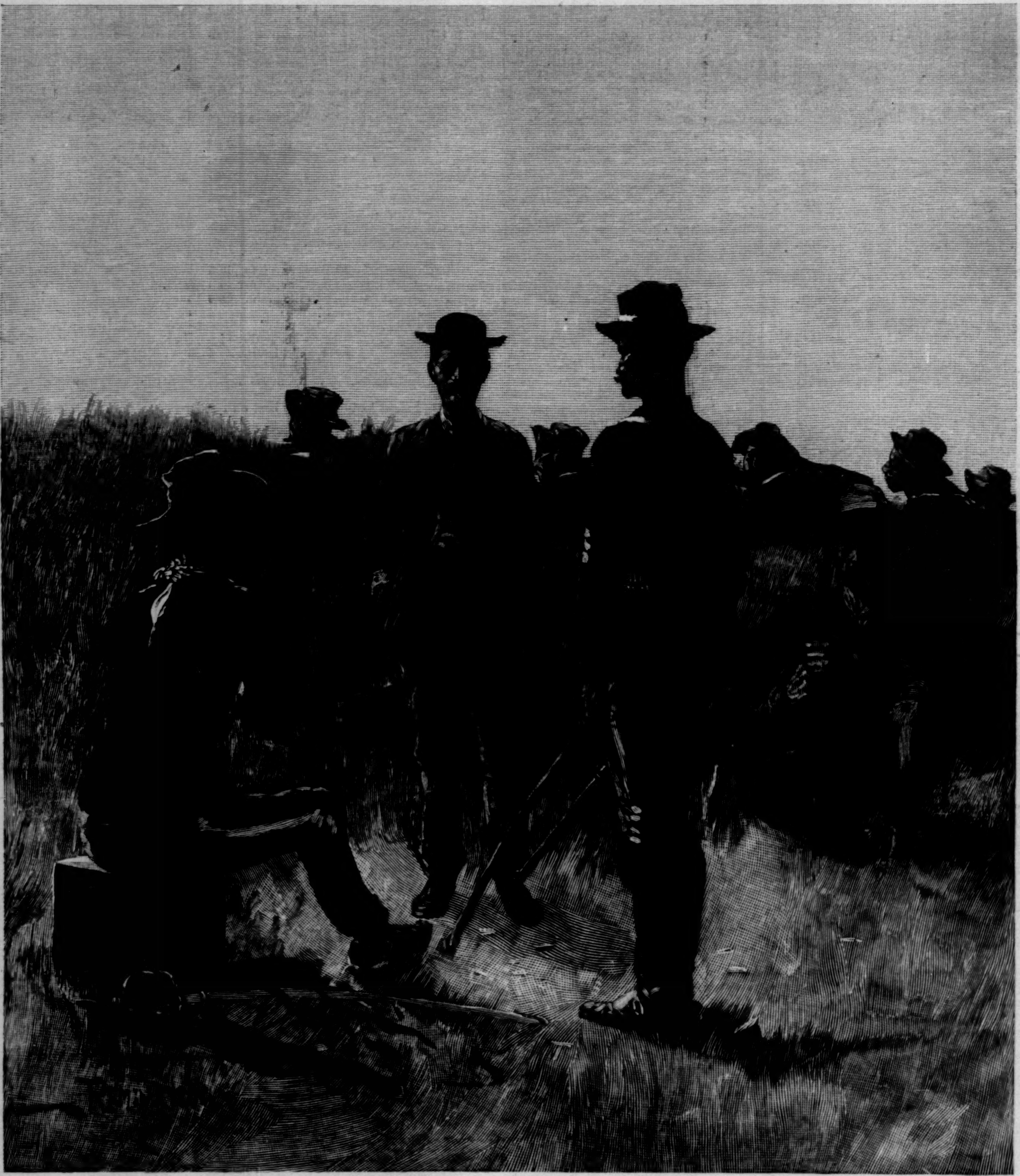
SMITHERS. "And what did he say!"

O'HOOLIGAN. "The shpalpane apolygized."

THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

On the morning of Thursday next, as the general custom of late years has been, all those heedful of the various proclamations of the civil authority will assemble at their respective places of worship, and, like old Governor Bradford, "thank God with all their hearts for the good world and the good things in it." May they be fewer than usual this year who are compelled to agree with a former Mayor of New York in the days of the war, who issued his proclamation according to form to such as might feel thankful, adding that he himself could see little to be thankful for in the occurrences of the year just past! As a wise man said, "Things might always be worse than they are, and those who cannot think of anything else have this for their consolation." Neither custom nor proclamations, however, limit the business of the day to the returning of thanks for blessings received. "Is it not strange, when we do justly consider it," is the sage remark of an old divine, "that man who eateth and drinketh four times daily, and has the necessity for worship forever within him, shall conjoin the festival of the belly and the festival of praise?" The day, as every well-regulated housewife knows, does "conjoin the festival of the belly with the festival of praise," and there is urgent need that before the day arrives proper provision shall be made for the more carnal part of the celebration. Our artist has recognized this, else why should so grave a consultation be held over the turkeys which are to be roasted on the morrow. Why does the young woman wrinkle her fair brows over the cook-book? Is she considering how the stuffing—or the filling, as our Philadelphia friends denominate the mixture—shall be proportioned? Or is she in a quandary over the vague directions which it is the delightful fashion of cook-books to give—a little sage, a little onion, a little parsley, and a little something else? Whatever the council determines upon, it is to be hoped that just a little green pepper will be added to the dressing, and a little of everything else too which is good and happens to be handy.

Not more than forty years ago Thanksgiving proclamations were only issued by the Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, but now what used to be called south of the Potomac the "New England Christmas" is celebrated in the length and breadth of the land, though the day has lost in a great measure its early significance. In the early colonial days the Puritans of New England abolished Christmas as a relic of popery and prelacy, which they held in nearly equal detestation. Laws were passed to punish the observance of Christmas Day. Some day, however, was needed to replace this discarded holiday, and Thanksgiving Day, toward the close of November, was selected to take the place. And so began this now universal American custom which is kept up in every part of the world wherever any little group of Americans happen to be gathered together. These serious colonists builded better than they knew, for while the Christmas celebration has been shorn of none of its glories, another day has been added to the few holidays of the people, and this day is happily given over to kindly reunions of families and friends, and something thereby added to that good-will among men which binds society together in firmer fellowship.



"I AM READY—I WILL GO."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE POST CHAPLAIN.

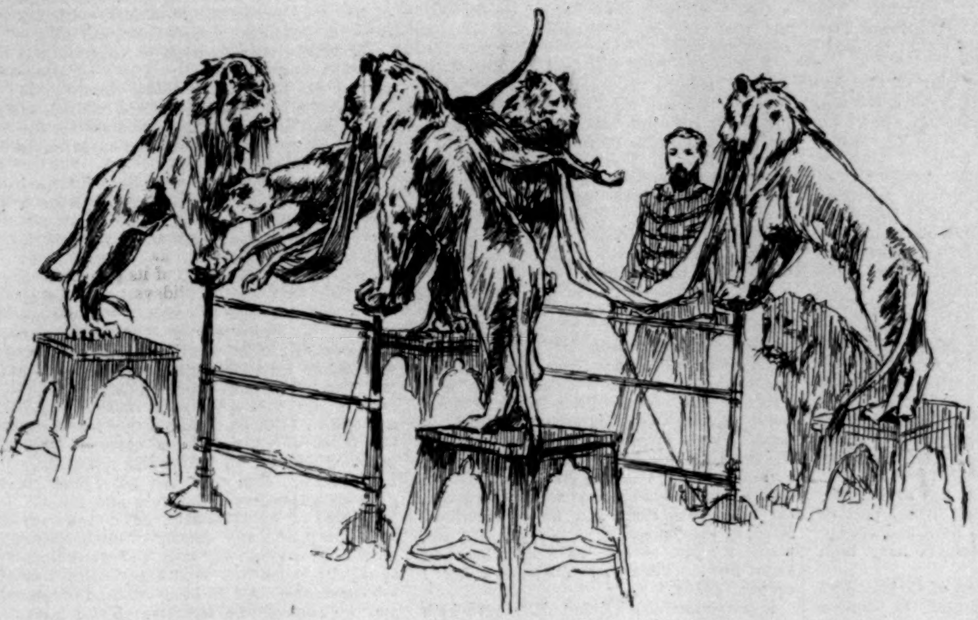
BY P. Y. BLACK.

I.

The little depot on the main transcontinental line, which, though nearly one hundred miles away from the post, was yet its nearest point of railroad communication, lay idle and silent in the midst of the plain. The dull and cloudy day of early spring had almost run its course in sullen gloom and depressing stillness. The rain, which had threatened ever since the morning, was now coming down in a steady stream, with no breath of wind from over the prairie to vary its monotonous directness. The employés at the depot, in enforced and listless idleness, were gathered round the stoves in the offices. No passengers paced the wet platform, and the rain and dull misery of the weather, disappointed of a prey amongst the frame buildings of the depot, appeared to fall with more vengeful force on the broad tract of open prairie beyond.

The billowy bluffs and sudden ravines of the plain, the growth of grass and flower, the hidden creeks with their scattered clumps of cotton-wood trees, the infrequent ranches, and straying herds of cattle, wild though branded—all the beauty and life of the broad prairie were lost to the sight, and submerged in the blinding downpour. The towering peaks of the Rockies, which in brighter weather were wont to greet the longing eyes of the eastern traveller, had faded from sight in sullen mists. The chirp and whir of the insects, the song of the birds, the piping bark of the prairie-dog, the rattle of the snake, were stilled and drowned in the steady plash of the flood. Near or far, from the line of rails to the furthest point of the horizon, on all sides, although day had

(*Continued on page 918, Supplement.*)


LIONS HOLDING SCARFS AND DOG JUMPING OVER THEM.

THE TRICK LIONS.

When Mr. Church wrote me these five words, "They are immense, magnificent, dramatic," I never questioned for a moment but that this jet of enthusiasm must have leaped into existence through contact with some kind of an animal. Calling on Mr. Church, an exact explanation as to the kind of creature causing such expansiveness was hardly necessary. Adhering to the sleeves and cuffs of his coat were certain rufous hairs, and their tawny hue would not have assorted with the hide of any other creature save a lion. I do not pride myself for possessing any of the peculiar traits of the *shikaree*, which would permit me to track an unseen animal through a jungle, but the fact became at once salient that Mr. Church had been prowling around lions, stalking them, so to speak, not with an express rifle, but with a sharp pencil.

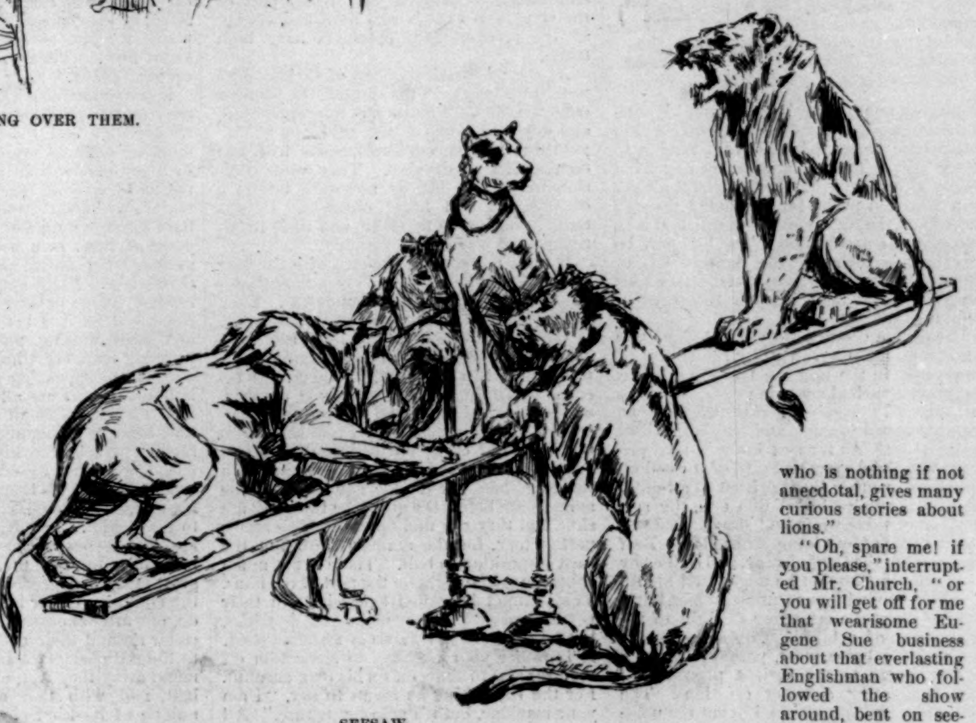
"Abandon everything else, and come with me and see the young lions at Niblo's, and the dog, and the wonderful ways of the trainer, Mr. Darling," said Mr. Church. "And do you know anything about lions?"

I have often wished that this artist would not ask of me positive replies to point-blank questions probing into my acquaintance about things which pretty generally no one is really expected to know much about. I never had hunted a lion, nor had been hunted by him. The boy and the man up to thirty who reads naturally devours all the lion-hunting scenes he comes across, but after that the Nimrodic passion cools, because such episodes of the chase invariably end in the one horrid, prosaic way—the skinning of the lion.

For the time being I wisely kept my peace with my inquisitor, because I was positive that he was on familiar terms with lions. On his studio wall there was hanging the most impressive of all bass-reliefs, that of the Assyrian lioness, who is alive and rampant from crest to breast, still snarling, raging, vindictive, but who trails behind her her crippled and dying hind quarters, for here the cruel javelins have pierced her to the quick. On his table were the Barye casts of lions, and scattered around, the artist's own telling sketches. And yet I had known Gérard, that clever French *Spahi*, who had told me many a story of how he faced lions, and had laid them low, and in younger days I had had a passing acquaintance with a wild Englishman who thought nothing of starting out from the Cape with his ox teams, and of trecking a thousand miles or more into the African wilds, and who invariably returned with bales of lions' skins.

It is worth while, however, to cram apparently for Mr. Church, in order to draw him out, and so I ventured on a little round of cheap erudition, something like this:

"Ah, yes! *Felis leo*. He used to abound in Europe. Lions must have been as plenty as sheep in early times, because the Romans, who did things in a vulgar, wholesale way, thought nothing of killing a hundred lions or so at a gladiatorial matinée; and the trouble with Agrippina's pretty son, when he gave the show, was not so much to procure lions, as nice young men for the brutes to mangle. Africa is the lion's true stamping-ground to-day. There are a number of varieties. The Rev. Mr. Wood, who is nothing if not anecdotal, gives many curious stories about lions."



SEESAW.

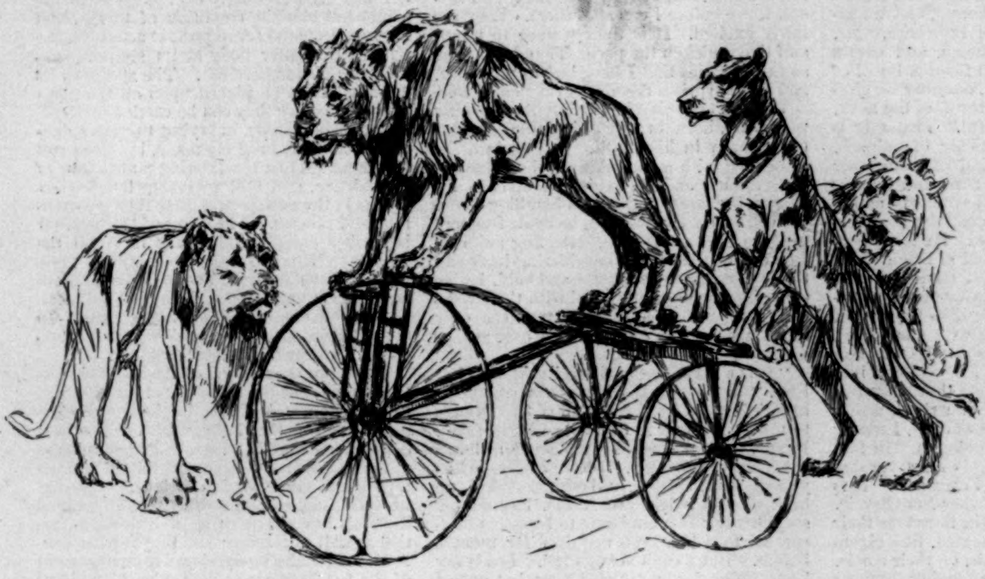
"Oh, spare me! if you please," interrupted Mr. Church, "or you will get off for me that wearisome Eugene Sue business about that everlasting Englishman who followed the show around, bent on seeing the lion gorge himself with his disreputable tamer."

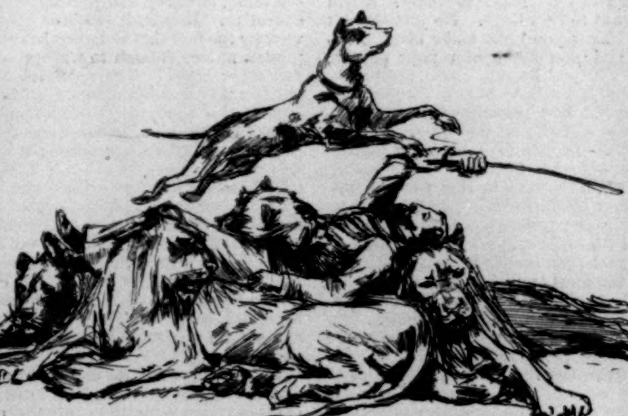
"The lion will do that sometimes, and there was an accident lately, but not exactly disastrous. It was in the instantaneous photograph business. A lion with his mouth open was to be depicted, and a trustworthy and exemplary beast, with a superb capacity for yawning, was the subject, the animal being under the charge of a competent trainer. The effect the photographer yearned for was fangs. He kindly explained to the keeper, who was prizing open the lion's jaws, that it would only take the one-hundredth part of a second to obtain a perfectly accurate picture, and he assured the trainer that just as soon as he heard the click of the camera, the sitting would be over. The keeper heard the 'click,' and so did the lion, who responded with a snap. Scientifically considered, it was simply a question of the personal equation. The photographer plus an apparatus was by no means as quick as that single factor, the lion. The man's fingers were bitten, for it is rather a difficult thing to extricate a hand from out of a lion's mouth."

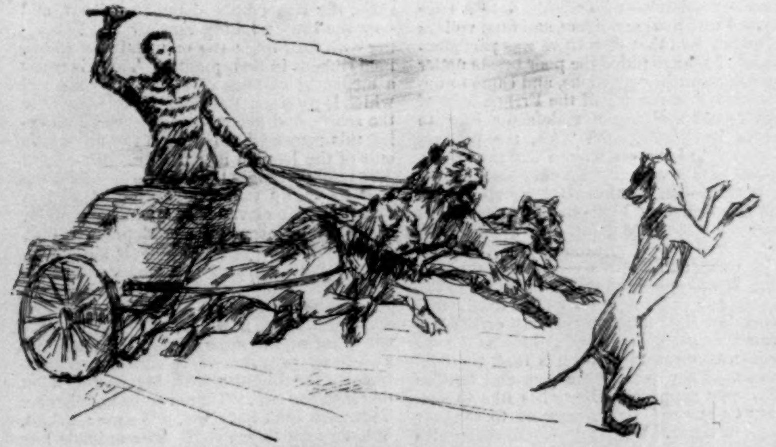
"Good for the lion!" said Mr. Church, in a rather unfeeling manner. "Poor beast! he resented photographic indignities. Next time let him be tried with a flash-light. Oh, that indescribable green gleam of a lion's or a tiger's eyes! Who is going to catch that? Leaving aside the impossible, the thing is to get the flexibility of a lion's spine."

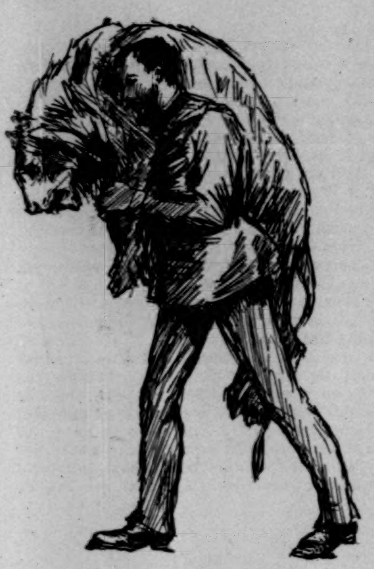
I ventured to say, "Slouchiness," but I could see that that term was not acceptable.

"No; slouchiness is appropriate only for cubs; otherwise it is a grand suppleness. It is hard to show that sudden turn, the wheel about of a wild thing when caged. It is as quick as thought. The creature is going headlong one way, when all of a sudden he is tearing along just as fast in an opposite direction. There must be something pivotal in it. In man and many animals these lateral muscular movements are wanting. A


THE TRICYCLE.


A HEAP OF LIONS.


LIONS HARNESSED TO THE CHARIOT.



CARRYING OFF THE LION.

lion, when he makes a bound, hurls his osseous framework in one direction, and his skin follows in the same line, but the hide is so elastic that it has not apparently any fixed points of contact. When you shoot a tiger or a lion, and probe for the bullet through the hole in the hide, you never can find it in line with the perforation. The ball may be four or five inches to the right or left or above or below the place of entrance. Know anything about tame lions or the ways of lion tamers?"

Then there occurred to me that there was a fairly pretty story. During the civil war, somewhere in the South a travelling circus and menagerie had come to grief. Monkeys had perished miserably, and trick horses had been harnessed to guns, and had been killed in the traces. As far as I know, a poor elephant had pined away and died of starvation. Somehow or other there drifted to a Southern city a much-abused lion cub, the sole survivor of these waifs and strays. He was taken charge of by a humpbacked lad. Beef was scarce in the Confederacy, and so the boy never ate meat, so that he might feed his little lion. The lad was no animal-tamer, knew nothing about the art, never thought of the possibilities of exhibitions. As far as the boy and the brute went, perhaps it was a natural return to the earliest processes of man dominating a lower creation. The young lion had forgotten all about the noise and confusion of the circus world, and was completely isolated. I feel like writing that the two lived pretty much for one another, for no one ever went to see them. Certainly they were on terms of intimate friendship. There were no formalities between them. The crippled lad would enter the ram-shackle cage (for it was past blacksmith's repairs, as far as iron bars went) with no more to-do than had the lion been a pet pony in a stall. The lion would rise, romp, or roll and sprawl, showing the keenest pleasure at times, but just as often as not that kind of apparent indifference which might arise between two friends so sure of one another that there was no necessity to be demonstrative. The lad had not taught the animal many tricks. He would, however, hold out his arm, and the lion would jump over it. I remember to have seen this lion, when he was either sleepy or lazy, take a lumbering bound, and his sharp claws ripped a gash in the boy's thin arm, whereupon the lad, apologetical for his comrade's awkwardness, simply said, "Oh, he didn't do it on purpose!" Whatever became of the lad and the lion after the war was over I do not know.

Dear me! and now I recall Van Amburgh and Driesbach, and their feats with animals, and I lapse into a Charles Lamb humor when I remember that fifteen years is old for a lion in captivity, and four times that for a lion tamer; and I suppose all the wild beasts I saw once, and their masters, have departed from this world many a long day ago. And yet my ears still ring with the noisy performances of a certain woman — more brazen than her animals—who walked into a cage packed with lions and tigers, and fired volleys of pistols, and that then there was pandemonium. I always pitied the poor beasts under such aggravated conditions, and came to understand that remark of the French lady of quality who, seeing a malefactor torn to pieces by horses, said, "Ah, ces pauvres chevaux!" Later on, when I had the opportunity to talk with Mr. Edward Darling, the most remarkable of animal tamers, about this, the annoyance of high-strung animals, his response was to the point.

"It was the old method of getting square with them, and it was a very stupid thing to do. It was supposed that it intimidated the beasts, and so it might have done for the moment, but then it made the man or the woman their enemy, and just as soon as the opportunity came the creatures took their revenge. They got square too, and terrible accidents happened. Novelists like to descant on the red-hot irons used to conquer lions or tigers. Why, if you used them with a calf or a sheep they would get afraid of you. If I were cruel with my lions, my exhibitions would have no to-morrow. The lions might be alive, but Mr. Edward Darling's chances of existence would be—what do you call it?—slim."

It is in the spectacular play of *Claudius Nero*, now performing at Niblo's Garden, that Mr. Darling, in an interlude, shows his mastery over a lot of lions. With Mr. Church and that other constant friend of animals, Mr. Conkling, I had a first opportunity of seeing these animals at a private rehearsal. There is a city ordinance, which I believe no one would care to interfere with, which precludes the exhibition of wild animals in anything else than well-fastened cages. Confined within the narrow limits of the circus van, the business of the man who works with lions or tigers is well enough in its way. In such straitened quarters the animal is in close contact with the man, and is forced to do a certain number of cut and dried feats. The brutes cannot get away. But it must be apparent that when lions are allowed to range about in a big space—one as large as a circus ring—to make them obedient then, the higher skill of the man must be called into play.

At Niblo's the iron cage has a large circumference, occupying the greater part of the stage, and as it is well built and strong, all the precautionary measures have been taken.

At the rehearsal, six lions of various ages were introduced. Two of them, the younger ones, were in the condition of apprenticeship, and were just learning their business. Their youthful leonine comprehensions had just commenced to develop. They were occasionally *de trop*, like an awkward boy in a cotillon, not still fairly obedient. It was their initiation, so to speak, and their imitative powers were being fostered.

It is the perfect performance with the four young lions—Leo, Pasha, Tom, and Sultan—which is nothing short of wonderful. Back of the theatre, and not seen by the audience, is the van in which all the lions are kept. The six live together. This communism as to quarters is a necessity, for they must become perfectly familiar with one another, and so personal feuds and professional bickerings become impossible. From the van to the big caged circle on the stage there is a runway, and just where the alley unites with the ring there are double gates. Once the animals are before the audience the gates are shut, and they can find no exit. This seems perfunctory, for the animals show not the least disposition to bolt. There is not much appearance of delight on the part of the lions. They cannot be called enthusiasts in their performance. You may make a cat do tricks, but he does not like to seem accomplished. It is rather your business to show him off than for him to show off on his own account. For the time being he seems to say, "I am your machine, but it's agin my nature." All this with the lions is brought more strongly into contrast by the grand dog Nero, who is their boon companion. Nero we call a boarhound, sometimes a blue-hound, and we associate him with German breweries. Mr. Darling's Nero is a Bavarian, and comes from Ulmer, a place famed for this breed of dogs. To see Nero come bounding in, gleefully nipping a lion by the scruff of the neck, urging him on, is delightful. That dog is the most cocky and rollicking of animals. He seems to act like a kind of collie, only his sheep are lions. He runs and bounds around with his superb tail always in an approved curl, and he is here and there and everywhere, always in motion. He is a comedian, a natural-born one, full of true delight in the business. You must not deem him comic; his superb build, his air of canine superiority, preclude anything like the rôle of the clown. He is an actor with a subdued, unconscious sense of humor, who, bustling about, throws, as it were, his vivacity into the play. I beg now to state that if on former occasions I have said or written rather hard things about this race of dogs, I tender here my most respectful apologies. In fact I am ready to affirm that this Bavarian dog is the best patrol for lions I ever saw. It is his utter fearlessness that makes Nero heroic.

Knowing their business, the lions take their respective places, and are seated, like gigantic cats with pendulous tails, on their stools. Then, at a signal, they get on higher supports and construct a pyramid. Now comes in Nero, who, taking a high and lofty bound, jumps clean over them. The pyramid subsides, the lion edifice demolishes itself, and now the brutes, taking another pose, standing with their fore paws on metal stanchions, hold ribbons in their mouths. There is many a mediæval carving of a lion with a scroll which is precisely like this. Nero skips over the scarfs, and never touches one. Following this comes what is one of the most difficult of the leonine acts, that of the seesaw. The tamer arranges the apparatus, and when it is ready, up stalk the brutes. One lion climbs up the elevated end, while the other, the heavier, occupies the depressed one. Next, two more lions give their aid, standing on both sides of the seesaw, and now comes Nero's opportunity. He understands what is balancing, and the effects of an additional weight, now on this side, now on the other of the arms of the lever, and up and down goes the whole concern, as Nero imparts the impulse with his paws. That dog seems to say: "There can be no mistake. This trick can't hang fire. We are all right. What's next to do, eh?" The animals hop off in a dignified way, for a lion is not a lion if he does not accomplish the most simple action in a highly grave and decorous manner, and they are all comfortably on their stools but one.

Now comes what I deem to be one of the greatest effects, the most startling in the whole business. Mr. Darling picks up the big lion in his arms, and just carries him off, and the young king of beasts takes to it as if he really liked it. Think of a monstrous baby with such an uncommon big mouth, powerful jaws, and sharp incisors, with a paw strong enough to fell an ox, his bristling muzzle in close contact with his tamer's cheek. An enthusiastic little boy along-side of me saw the point at once, for he said, "Why, papa, he—he boosted that lion!" and the little chap had found the appropriate verb. The tricycle feat followed. There was one lion who neatly mounted the ticklish machine, stood with his hind legs on the seat, and put his fore ones on the treadles. Then came a second lion, who acted as a lackey, and did some pushing from behind; but Nero must needs give a helping paw, and away went the three, trundling nicely around the circle, and occasionally that dog from Ulmer would take a glance ahead, as it were, to see that the coast was clear, and no obstructions. Nero, by his expression, certainly said: "Oh, pooh! it's just as easy as wink when you know how. Bow-wow! Come, now, hurry up your cakes!"

I used to love as a lad that circus act which read on the programme "Arabs." All the trick horses laid flat in the ring, and the morning sun was supposed to rise (indicated by a popular Irish air of a long-lost repertory), and you could really see (when you were ten years old) the luminary rise over the Sahara through a mist of sawdust. Imagine a gang of lions at a word all assembling together, lying down, and making a heap of themselves. Right atop of this, Mr. Darling reposes (more or less comfortably, I suppose), and he lifts his whip, and Nero, who had been waiting, now jumps, and keeps jumping over the whole concern. Then at a signal the sprawling mass loses shape, and individual lions are all around again. The final act is the difficult one. Artists picture that kind of thing, and little Master Amor hitches up a lion to his car, and drives him with a gossamer snood. What Mr. Darling does is to catch his lions (reminiscence of the highly useful Mrs. Glass), and he hitches them to his chariot. Leo, who is the most sensible beast, seems as if he did not dislike going in harness, but the others have apparently no great fancy to degrade their noble selves into the condition of car horses. But come they do, one after another. By means of a chain collar around their necks, they are attached to the red chariot, and at the word of command away they trot, each tugging his level best, and with that a performance quite unique of its kind closes; but, as said Mr. Darling, "It don't always end when the curtain goes down. My team after a while likes the running, and so they race me round several times before I can stop them. They are fairly excited. It is their chance to romp, and they quicken the pace. They have gone so fast at times that I have had to jump out, and that surprises them, and they come to."

The lion tamer is a highly intelligent young man, who, born in the United States, went to Germany in his youth. In Hamburg he associated with a leading firm, the Jamrach, of Germany, and so, having animals in his charge, became familiar with handling them. Travelling for the business, he made frequent visits to Africa and Asia, collecting animals. In a commercial sense, considering lions and tigers as cattle to be bought and sold, he became thoroughly acquainted with their ways and instincts. Certainly it was the only school where such quiet mastery over savage animals could be acquired.

"It is a very long business," said Mr. Darling; "all my animals have been two years in training. Why, it takes all of two months to make a lion sit in a chair, and stay there. I cannot vaunt general intelligence in lions; it is rather individual. I have had some fine young lions, superb in body, that had no brains. Not wicked or cross, but simply stupid. It was a tendency to forget to-morrow all that had been acquired for months before. But I can't always tell. Leo is my best pupil. He never was ugly, but once I gave him up and sent him off, he was so dull; then took him to school again; and I know no lion second to him now in intelligence and docility. This is the point. A lion doesn't want to do things. He just doesn't want to. Now you must make him. Punish him, and you make him your enemy; afraid of you, and he gets worse, not better. I coax him and talk to him in English, for English is the best language for command. The seesaw and the velocipede are difficult tricks. Not one lion in a thousand can be taught to keep his balance. They mostly tumbled off. Perhaps in that performance their highest intelligence is called into play. The velocipede requires a careful lion, and I have just the right one. It is nice work to get the exact pose and to keep it; but what gave me the most trouble is the chariot performance. A lion must have had an original contempt for that kind of business. You see I am busy harnessing up one lion while the others are perfectly free. The art has been to make the rest of them come up of their own accord. For months I had one lion tearing round alone, and the rest scattered about. Now they all come up to time. They don't want to, but they must. It is patience, kindness, making them not afraid of me—for I am not afraid of them—that has done the business. I have rehearsals all the time, for the animals must be constantly at work so as not to forget. The whelps are coming on fast; one, I think, shows great intelligence. I feed them eight pounds of beef a day for the big ones and six for the smaller ones, and they take their supper after the performance."

"You cannot reward your lions for good behavior, like you would a horse, with a lump of sugar or a carrot?"

"No; they despise sugar, but love beef tea. But if they behave very well, I give them during the performance a little tidbit of meat, and Nero would think I was not doing the right thing with him if he didn't get his morsel. My whips indicate the positions for the animals. You could not hurt a lion, who has a tough hide, with a lash, but a whip acts as a protection. You might belabor a lion with a big stick, and he would not feel it. But he does not fancy a stick, the point of which, like a spear, is held in his direction; so if one threatened me, I could keep him off. An act I had to give up was where a lion rose and put his fore paws on my shoulders. The claws are very sharp, and any display of endearment would cut through my coat, and wound my shoulders, and a new coat every night was too expensive. All the lions are fond of me, and we respect one another. Yet I have great affection for Nero. I might be jealous of him, since it looks at times as if he ran the show."

Referring to Nero, as pretty a thing as I ever saw a dog do was on the occasion when one of the roses in the basket sent to the *première danseuse* in the ballet detached itself and was left on the stage. After the performance, Mr. Darling and Nero came out before the curtain in response to a call, when the dog, at one graceful bound, retrieved that fallen flower and presented it to his master.

Mr. Church, seated by me in the orchestra at Niblo's, I am rather inclined to tax with want of interest in imperial Rome. What to him were promenading senators, prætorians, lictors, priests of Isis, tribunes, gladiators? When the lions strode *en scène* then he was on the alert, and he gave the finishing touch to his pictures; but the groundwork of them was the result of attendance at many other performances and rehearsals. Hence the fidelity and spirit of these illustrations. The lions are correct *ad unguem*, or shall I say to a claw? BARNET PHILLIPS.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

SINCE the appointment of Colonel George R. Davis as Director-General of the World's Columbian Exposition, by the harmonious choice of the Chicago Board of Directors and the National Commission, in September, order has been gradually evolving out of the somewhat chaotic condition of things, and the way prepared for important action on the part of the latter body at its session commencing November 18th. The stamp of its approval must be placed upon all the plans proposed before they can be carried forward. The general public, in trying to gain a definite idea of the progress made, has been met by the names of a bewildering multiplicity of committees, and still more bewildering accounts in the newspapers, as to their proceedings and powers. The labor of the inquirer is further complicated by the fact that the Board of Directors and the National Commission have separate arrays of committees and officers, and often make use of practically the same names in designating them. In several cases similar committees of the two bodies have met and acted together.

There has been a lack of clearness, also, as to the extent of the authority of the National Commission. A clause in the act of Congress creating that body, reads: "The said commission shall . . . . generally have charge of all intercourse with the exhibitors and the representatives of foreign nations." The upholders of the commission originally claimed that this has reference to *all* exhibitors, native as well as foreign; and they further contended for such a comprehensive management of the whole affair as would leave the local Board little to do. The impression has been gaining ground, however, that the functions of the National Commission are properly, in the main, advisory and judicial, rather than executive. Emphasis has been given to this view by the fact that Congress has not appropriated money enough to warrant action on any other basis. The commission started out in a way that threatened a quick exhaustion of the funds at its command. It arranged the scale of salaries and committee *per diems* and other expenses in a manner that was more princely than prudent, and Secretary Windom, who had a voice in the matter, called a halt from Washington. The President of the commission was assigned $12,000 a year; the Secretary, $10,000; the Director-General, $15,000; the Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee, $8000; and employés in the offices of the Director-General and Secretary, $10,000. The expenses of the first and second sessions of the commission, it is stated, were $35,000.

These outlays and the cost of the numerous committee and subcommittee meetings, and of other things, indicated a pace that could not very well be kept up by the government representatives, and a realization of the truth at last came upon them with salutary force. President Palmer announced his intention of taking pay for services actually rendered and clerk hire only, thus effecting a saving in his case of about $6000 a year; and at the meeting of the Executive Committee on October 18th it was even suggested that the work of the committees be dispensed with altogether. It was decided that their meetings, for the present, should only be held when ordered by President Palmer, and not at the mere call of their chairmen. For a time the very existence of the board of 115 "lady managers" was in danger. Then there was talk of reducing it; but the spirit of gallantry prevailed, and it has been decided, with the sanction of the Treasury Department, that they shall meet on November 19th, during the session of the commission, and that their expenses and perdiems shall be paid from the fast-dwindling appropriation. The ambition of the National Commission seems to have been abated by the pecuniary restrictions it has experienced, and a greater willingness to acknowledge an enlargement of scope of the Board of Directors—who represent the bulk of the money supply for the Fair—has ensued. The board, on its part, has been proceeding as if *it* were charged with the main responsibility. It too has been liberal in the matter of salaries and appointments, and, as the elder Mr. Weller would say, has been industriously "passin' resolutions, and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games"; but the funds at its command are larger than they are in the other case.

The outlook now is that much of the projected work of the numerous committees of the National Commission will be transferred, with its expense, to the local board and to bureaus which have been proposed by Director-General Davis. The Executive Committee, at the meeting just mentioned, decided to recommend to the National Commission the adoption of a system of eleven bureaus, under the management of the Director-General, as follows: Bureau of Installation, including manufactures; Bureau of Agriculture, with departments of live-stock and horticulture; Bureau of Mines and Mining; Bureau of Machinery and Electricity; Bureau of Education, covering engineering, public works, architecture, ethnology, archæology, and progress of labor and invention; Bureau of Fine Arts, including decorative art; Bureau of Railway Exhibits and other means of transportation; Bureau of Admissions; Bureau of Protection and Public Comfort—police, fire department, and information to visitors; Bureau of Publicity and Promotion; and Bureau of Transportation. The appointment of chiefs of bureaus, it is submitted, should be left to the Director-General, subject to the confirmation of the Executive Committees both of the commission and the directors. The power of this officer is thus likely to be comprehensive and great. At their meeting on November 8th the Board of Directors resolved to recommend to the commission that the bureaus of Admission and Protection be stricken from the above list at present, to save expense, as they could be organized later, when needed. The sub-committee on classification (National) submitted its report to the Executive Committee at its October meeting, which passed upon it and recommended it, with slight amendment, to the November meeting of the commission. The plan followed is mainly that of Commissioner De Young, of California. Professors Goode and Blake, Mr. E. E. Jeffery, and others gave their aid as experts in its formation, and it was indorsed by a committee of the local directors with whom a conference was held. It provides for twelve departments (to be designated by letters of the alphabet), as follows: A, agriculture, agricultural machinery and appliances; B, viticulture, horticulture, floriculture; C, live-stock, domestic and wild animals; D, fish, fisheries, fish products, and apparatus of fishing; E, mines, mining, and metallurgy; F, machinery; G, transportation, railways, vessels, vehicles; H, electricity; J, manufactures; K, fine arts, decorative arts, music, and the drama; L, education, engineering, public works, archæology, progress of labor and invention. The fitting together of the bureaus and the departments is a matter that calls for consideration. As a basis for the Committee on Grounds and Buildings to work upon, the Classification Committee thus designates the space requirements of the departments: A, Agricultural Hall, 15 acres; B, Horticultural Hall, 5 acres; C, live-stock, 100 acres; D, fisheries, 2 acres; E, Mineral Palace, 5 acres; F, Machinery Hall, 20 acres; G, transportation, 20 acres; H, Electrical Palace, 4 acres; J, Manufacturers' Palace, 20 acres; K, Fine Art Gallery, 5 acres; L and M—one building—5 acres. Additional spaces for the above and government buildings are not included in the estimates which are based upon official reports of the Centennial and Mr. Jeffery's report of the Paris Exposition.

On October 22d the committees (both National and Directors') having charge of foreign affairs met, to hold a joint session, in New York city, but owing to the indefinite character of their authority and the finances little more than a general discussion of the situation took place. A recommendation of the appointment of Haughworth Howe as agent at New York of the Exposition, with respect to the reception and forwarding of foreign exhibits, was agreed upon. The subsequent sudden death of Mr. Howe, immediately preceded by his marriage to a daughter of Secretary Butterworth, of the Board of Directors, is a melancholy incident in the early history of the World's Fair. Mr. James A. Bowen, of Chicago, was appointed Secretary of the commission's Committee on Foreign Affairs, with head-quarters in New York, and Mr. George W. Smalley was named as a very suitable person to take charge of the business of the Exposition and advance its interests in London. Simultaneously with the meeting of the foreign committees in New York, the committees (National and Directors') on Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama held jointly several sessions in the same city. The propriety of various appointments was discussed, but the only notable action taken was the adoption of a resolution to the effect that fine arts should have a bureau to itself, and music and the drama one.

The questions of the use and preparation of the Lake Front Park in Chicago for a section of the Fair have presented difficulties not easily overcome. The city, War Department, Illinois Central Railroad Company, and the owners of adjacent private property are all interested in the matter, and the work of clearing the way for the directors to carry out their plans has taken much time and trouble, and the end is not yet. The opposition to making any division of the Fair whatever has been considerable, and it is known that the commission is disposed to cut down the Lake Front Park portion to a minimum, and that possibly it will not permit anything more than the Art Building to be located there. The Board of Directors, however, have assumed that there will be more than this, and have been divided among themselves as to the quantity of new ground to be made, if any, piling, etc. The government's permission for the piling has been granted on the condition that the piles shall be removed within a certain time after the close of the Exposition. The opponents of enlargement contend that there is sufficient space now available for the Fine Arts Building and what other few uses the Lake Front Park should be put to. The Ways and Means Committee of the Board of Directors have promised to raise, outside of the regular subscription for the Fair, $800,000 for the work if it is carried on; but some doubt is expressed as to their ability to do this, and it is objected that if they should be successful money would thereby be diverted from the main fund that would otherwise go there.

So determined were the advocates of an extensive use of the Lake Front Park that, as they were in a majority of two, they adopted a resolution at the meeting of the Board of Directors held on November 11th to go on with the erection of a certain number of buildings without waiting for the action of the commission, and to let the contracts for them. The resolution provided for an art exhibit building, a decorative art building, a building for electrical appliances and devices, structures for all the governmental department exhibits except that of agriculture, a music hall, water palace (if any), miniature villages of foreign peoples, an aquarium, and an electric fountain. The minority directors demanded that the approval of the commission should be obtained before the plans were proceeded with—a wise position to take, since the authority of the latter in the matter is clear enough. On the adoption of the resolution, President Gage, who was in the minority, resigned his position, as he declined to be a party to such a high-handed course. This sobered the majority, and that part of the resolution relating to going ahead with the contracts was cancelled, whereupon the resignation of President Gage was withdrawn. It is evident that a serious contest as to the use of the Lake Front Park is pending.

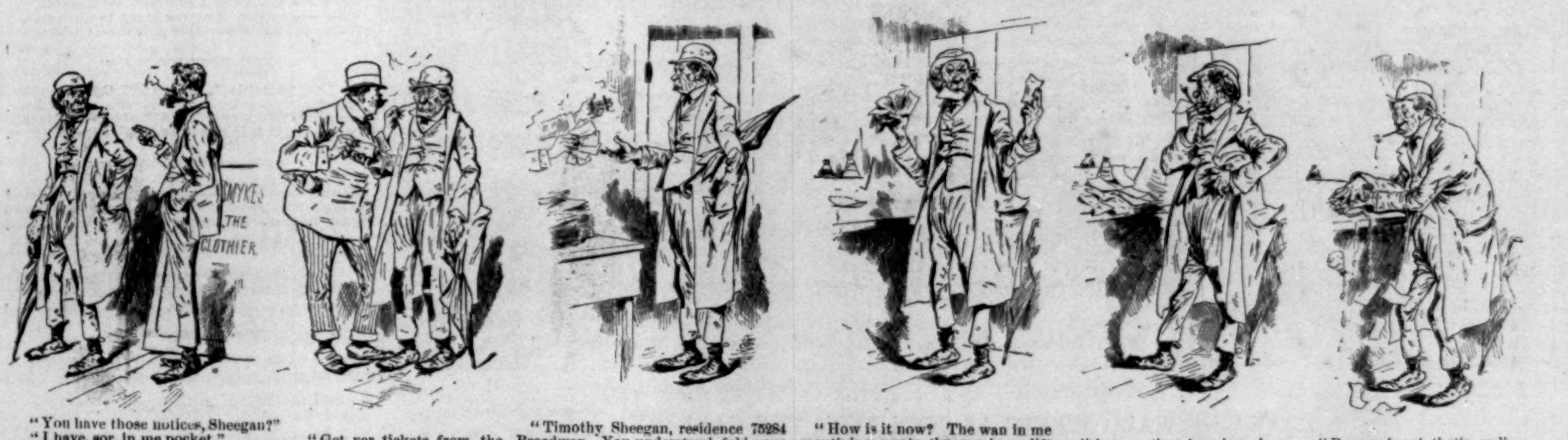
At the recent meeting of the Board of Directors Daniel H. Burnham was appointed Chief of Construction, with a salary of $12,000 a year, and his business partner, John W. Root, Consulting Architect, with an annual stipend of $5000. The constitutional amendment permitting Chicago to issue bonds for a loan of $5,000,000 for Fair purposes was adopted by the popular vote at the late election by a decisive majority, the only opposition of any moment that was developed being in the southern counties of the State, and attributed in the Chicago mind to the influence of the sisterly city of St. Louis. The vote in Cook County, of which Chicago is the seat, was practically solid for the loan. It is considered, therefore, that the financial basis for the Exposition is secure beyond peradventure.

Nearly all, if not all, these matters and many others incident to them will be brought before the commission during the momentous November meeting. The Board of Directors and the committees of the commission will submit their resolutions, propositions, and reports generally. Before the President of the United States can issue his proclamation and invitations to foreign nations, the commission must accept the site or sites and the apportionments and other provisions for buildings, decide upon organization and plan and scope, and certify that the money requisition of the act of Congress has been satisfactorily complied with. The November meeting must therefore deal with business of a vital character, put an end to delay, and enable the enterprise to be advanced on definite lines in all essential particulars. Everything of importance is at a stand-still, and waits upon its action.

Among the interesting incidents that have occurred within the last two months with reference to the Exposition is the resignation of Colonel Davis from the Republican National Committee, of which he was a prominent member, his avowed object being to keep the Director-Generalship free from all appearance of being affected by political partisanship. Another is the purchase in Washington County, Kentucky, of the log cabin where Abraham Lincoln lived, and in which the marriage ceremony of his father and Nancy Hanks took place. It is in a sufficient state of preservation to be taken down, transported, and re-erected on the Fair grounds. One thousand dollars was paid for it for the purpose.

Bartholdi, of the New York Harbor Statue of Liberty fame, has proposed the erection of a grand fountain, to be designed by himself, representing the triumph of Illinois as an agricultural and industrial commonwealth, and the secretary of the Board of Directors has been instructed to correspond with him on the subject. The possessor of the gallows on which John Brown and his associates were hung offers the use of that attractive object for Fair purposes. Professor William L. Tomlins has been authorized to train a chorus of a thousand children to take part in the opening ceremonies. In addition to the Labor and various other Conventions announced, a World's Congress of Engineers is to be held in Chicago during the Fair. Indications of the popular interest in the event are numerous and various. Alaska representatives will petition Congress for admission to the National Commission, and promise to vindicate their right to a place in it by a fine exhibit from that quarter.

A VICTIM OF BALLOT REFORM.



"You have those notices, Sheegan?"
"I have, sor, in me pocket."
"Well, don't forget, after you've voted, you're to leave one at every house in the block."

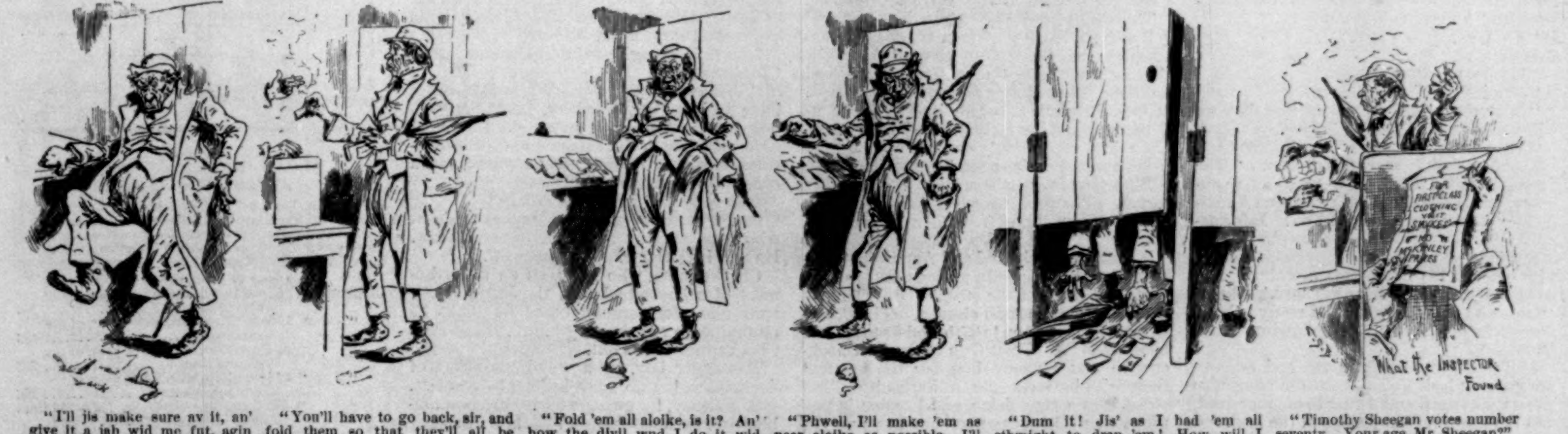
"Get yer tickets from the Inspector, Tim, an' paste this on ter the one ye vote."

"Timothy Sheegan, residence 75284 Broadway. You understand, fold your vote lengthways—"
"Yis, I know all about it."

"How is it now? The wan in me mouth is me vote, the wan in me lift han' is the paster, an'—what becomes av the other wans, sure!"

"As a native American, born in County Clare, which is the wan to get the paster?"

"Begorra! an' that's well pasted!"



"I'll jis make sure av it, an' give it a jab wid me fut, agin some McKinley Ripublikin thries to pake into it."

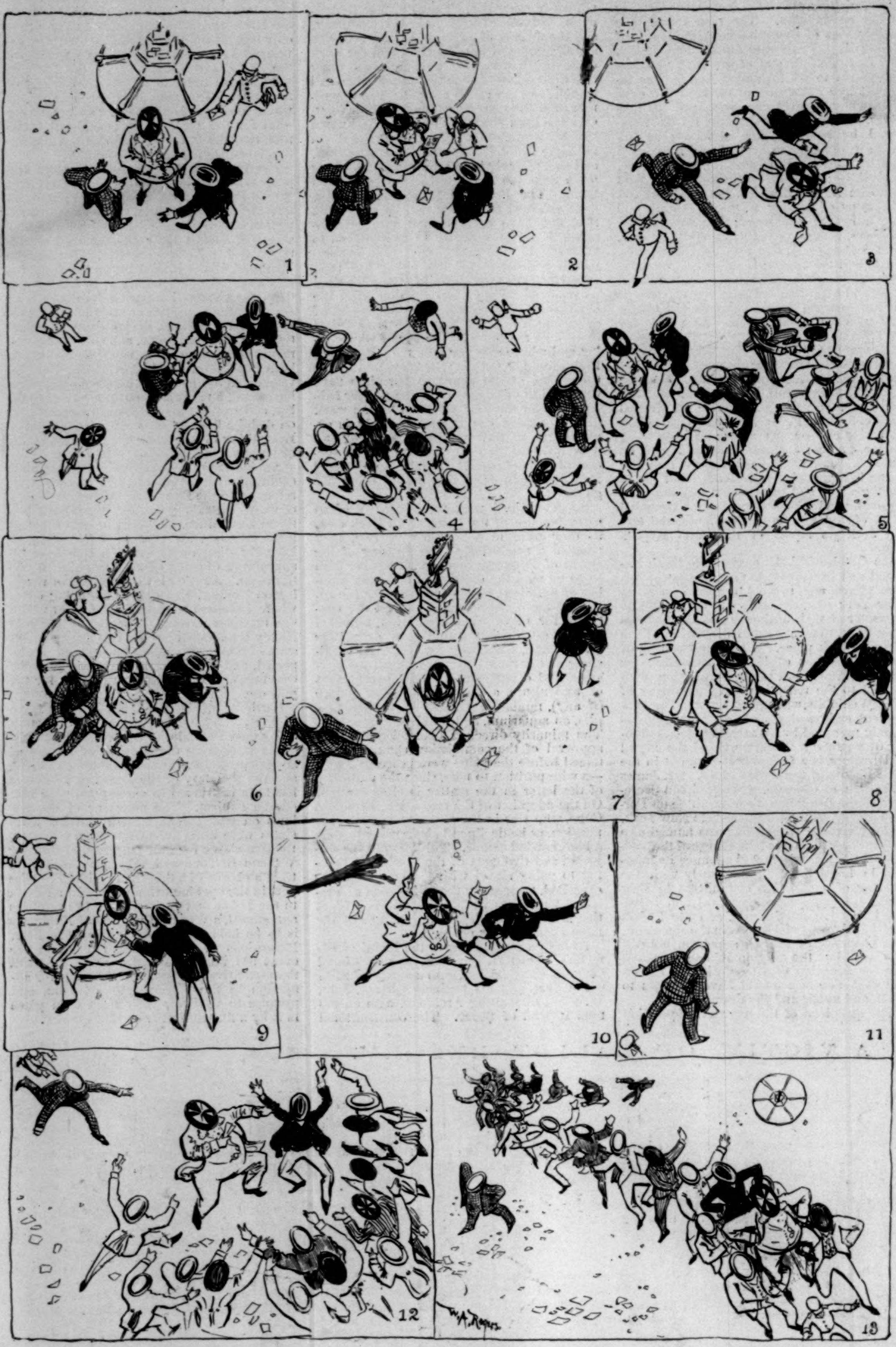
"You'll have to go back, sir, and fold them so that they'll all be alike."

"Fold 'em all aloike, is it? An' how the divil wud I do it, wid only wan paster an' no paste?"

"Phwell, I'll make 'em as near aloike as possible. I'll jis fold in some av Shmyke's notices."

"Dum it! Jis' as I had 'em all sthraight, to drap 'em! How will I tell the which is me vote? Bother the saycret votin'! I'll guess at it."

"Timothy Sheegan votes number seventy. Your age, Mr. Sheegan?"
"Over twinty-wan."



A DRAMA OF WALL STREET AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

1. This is Great Gun with his two brokers, Checkermore and Smeevy, and Great Gun is premeditating a terrific onslaught on Chickweed and Aguardiente preferred.

"I am going to knock it endways," says Great Gun.

"Oh!" says Checkermore.

"Precisely so," says Smeevy.

"Wait until I get my points, and then we will make the feathers fly," says Great Gun.

(Enter messenger boy with a despatch.)

2. "All right," says Great Gun. "The despatch reads: 'Cyclone, water-spout, earthquake, and landslide! Chickweed and Aguardiente, not a sleeper to stand on! Information solid. The house-keeper's nephew heard it through the key-hole of the president's private office at his house this morning. Not an instant to spare. Strike her hard.' Checkermore and Smeevy, you stand ready to book the business. I'll do the bellowing," says Great Gun.

3. Great Gun, Checkermore, and Smeevy are rushing headlong toward the gang who work Chickweed and Aguardiente preferred, and the messenger boy skips in the lead.

4. Great Gun, having assumed a Colossus of Rhodes pose, begins the cannonade. "A 1000 Chicks and Aguars at 90; a 1000 at 89; a 1000 at 88½; 2000 at 87½; 5000, 86," roars he.

The Chickweed and Aguardiente crowd yell and gesticulate. There is one band that takes all that Great Gun gives them, while another party following in Great Gun's lead sell too. They charge one another's squads, bellow themselves hoarse, and it looks as if there would be fisticuffs and drag-outs. Then just as suddenly there is a change of front, and the entire gang buys all the C. and A. that Great Gun offers them. It is a hot corner. The messenger boy, bent on sustentation, gorges himself with a pound bolivar.

5. But the Chickweed and Aguardiente fellows are now as greedy as dogs, and ask for more and more of the stock. Great Gun is throwing them in solid chunks. The C. and A. recovers, hangs on to 87, blunders to 88, and bounces to 89. Great Gun is tired. Checkermore and Smeevy lose for the moment their faith in Great Gun, in humanity. The street is in a convulsion, and London in palpitations. The messenger boy has now devoured one solid eighth of his bolivar.

6. Great Gun, Checkermore, and Smeevy seek council and repose. They wish they had never been born. Great Gun is in a state of partial collapse. The messenger boy bolts the second third of his bolivar.

7. "It is going heavily against us," says Checkermore. "She is booming at 90½."

"We have only forty minutes left, but I have an idea," says Smeevy. And Smeevy, who has the faith of a loving child in Great Gun, still sees in the future a row of brownstone houses, a French cook, a yacht, and a string of race-horses all his own.

"So have I," says Checkermore.

Smeevy knows that house-keeper's nephew, who runs errands for a curb-stone broker. He will investigate. He rushes off.

Checkermore, who has seen an advertisement of a house to let on the Jersey coast, convenient for summer boarders, thinks he might like to rent it and go into the business. Checkermore tears out.

Messenger boy, by a wondrous effort of deglutition, has no morsel of his bolivar left.

8. Smeevy, by great good luck, has stumbled over the house-keeper's nephew. Smeevy discovers that the boy's aunt had complained to the president of the Chickweed and Aguardiente that there was a leak in the basement of the house, a burst in a water-pipe, and that a shingle was loose on the roof.

"There is nothing the matter with Chickweed and Aguardiente—"

9. "For here," continues Smeevy, "is the statement of Silas Ananias, Esquire, President of the Chickweed and Aguardiente, who swears, under notarial seal, that everything is lovely, 'receipts quintupled, expenses diminished 87½ per cent.,' and that the future is glorious."

10. "Then let us boom her," said Great Gun. "But where is Checkermore? He always was so slow."

Checkermore, who has been appalled at the idea of keeping boarders on the Jersey coast, has retraced his steps; but Great Gun and Smeevy are in the fray once more. Little do they care for Checkermore.

12. "Ninety-one for 1000 Chicks and Aguars; 92 for 1000 more; 93 for 1000 more; 94 for 5000, 96 for 10,000!" shrieks Great Gun, as he and Smeevy dance around.

Checkermore, chased in by the messenger boy, hears Chickweed and Aguardiente preferred eagerly sought for at 96, and now it is sky-rocketing toward 99.

13. It is too late for Checkermore. The trick is done.

Grand victory for Great Gun and Smeevy! They are carried round in triumph, the messenger boy acting as drum-major to the parade.

Checkermore, providing he can get credit, will buy second-hand furniture for that boarding-house he will keep on the Jersey coast this coming summer.

Magnificent is Great Gun. To be admired is Smeevy.

For Checkermore there is deserved contempt. Why did he falter?

THE HOME TRUTH OF A FOREIGN PROVERB.

The Spanish have a proverb—*demasiado es peligroso*—"too much is dangerous." If "brevity is the soul of wit," this means a great deal. Excesses and other imprudences in eating and drinking are productive of one tremendous evil—the progenitor of many others—and these are among the follies to which this pithy saying has direct application. The evil to which we allude is indigestion, to the relief and cure of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has contributed more than any medicine which science has given to the American people. This invigorating stomachic and corrective is the means not only of reforming a disordered or enfeebled condition of the digestive organs, but of renewing healthy action of the bowels and the liver. Besides this, it counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and kidney complaint, extirpates and prevents malarious disease, is a potent restorative of strength which is failing, hastens convalescence, and mitigates the infirmities of age.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

"ANABASIS," THE NEW GAME.

This delightful game is meeting with popular favor. Every family should have it. Will be sent upon receipt of one dollar. E. I. Horsman, 80 & 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I will mail free on application my treatise on Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Dr. Burnham, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

"There is surely a vein for the Silver"
  Out from the Earth's deep heart,
The pulse of its white-hot fountains
  Rending the rocks apart.

And what so fair as the Silver
  Tried by the furnace test,
When the dross no more disguises,
  And it lies like a soul at rest?

And what so bright as the Silver
  Aloft on the light-house height,
When it gathers the rays in its bosom,
  And sends them far through the night?

And what so mighty as Silver,
  Linking the nations fast,
Bearing the image of Cæsar,
  To conquer the world at last?

And what so fine as the Silver
  The festal board to grace
With luxury, cheer, and beauty,
  And mirror each smiling face?

Oh, Friendship is finer than silver;
  And the faces round the board
Find our hearts a better mirror
  Than all of its shining hoard.

And Love is more mighty than silver
  That bindeth the nations fast;
For Love holds hearts together,
  And its empire still shall last.

And Home is brighter than silver,
  For it gathers Love's own light,
And the focus of its hearth-stone
  Is set on a beacon height.

And Faith is fairer than silver;
  Tried as silver is tried,
In the furnace of time and trouble,
  Pure shall its peace abide.

And deeper than the Earth's heart,
  Stronger, and richer veined,
Is the heart of married lovers
  Whose love has long remained.

We bring you an offering of silver,
  O friends so tried and true;
But the Friendship and the Hearth's light,
  These are our gifts *from* you.

We bring our offering of silver
  To this Silver-Wedding hour,
But the Faith and the Love and the joined hearts
  Brought first its richest dower.

The moon without is waning
  Unseen 'neath the ocean's rim;
But here Love's light is shining,
  Its honey-moon glow not dim.

As the gleam of its first fair quarter
  Touches your heads to-night,
It turns our gratulation
  To prayers for its future light.

May it line each cloud with blessing,
  And bring you gifts untold,
Till the alchemist Time shall gently
  Transmute the Silver to Gold!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Winter Resorts.

THE LAKEWOOD,

LAKEWOOD, N. J.

THE MOST ELEGANTLY APPOINTED WINTER RESORT IN THE UNITED STATES WILL OPEN DECEMBER 22, 1890. ACCOMMODATES 600 GUESTS.

OPEN WOOD FIRES IN EVERY ROOM.

New York office now open at HOTEL BRUNSWICK (Parlor 2), where diagrams may be seen and rooms engaged.

The Cuisine will be under the charge of MONS. E. LAPERRUQUE, late Chef of DELMONICO'S and the HOFFMAN HOUSE.

H. S. CLEMENT, Manager.

REIHLEN
EXTRA DRY
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DRY & BRUT
CHAMPAGNE
A WHOLESOME CHAMPAGNE RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PHYSICIANS
THE PEER OF ANY OTHER.
UNADULTERATED BY ANY FOREIGN MATTER.
NOT FORTIFIED BY LIQUEUR.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS WINE MERCHANTS & GROCERS.
PRICE PER 1 DOZ QUARTS $15.00
PER 2 DOZ PINTS $17.00

They who hold policies in The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York have reason for Thanksgiving.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is the Largest and Best in the World.

ASSETS January 1st, 1890,	$136,401,328.02
NEW BUSINESS in 1889,	151,602,483.37
ANNUAL INCOME,	31,119,019.62

PURELY MUTUAL. NO STOCKHOLDERS.

NO OTHER COMPANY HAS SHOWN RESULTS SO PROFITABLE AND GRATIFYING TO POLICY-HOLDERS.

ITS POLICIES ARE THE MOST LIBERAL and DESIRABLE ISSUED.

It has Paid Policy-holders since Organization, - - $287,681,948.20

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Pres't. ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice-Pres't.

THE NEW "LIFE CONSOL."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has placed upon the market a new form of security called The Mutual Life Consol, to which it invites the attention of those who are seeking safe and profitable investments for surplus funds.

Six per cent. consols are issued in denominations of $5000 and upwards. They are purchasable by the payment of one sum, or by a limited number of annual instalments of from 5 to 10 per cent. of the principal.

They mature in 10, 15, and 20 years.

In case of the death of the owner prior to the completion of the purchase the Mutual Life agrees to cancel all further payments, and pay to the heirs the principal and accrued interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Thus, should the owner of a $10,000 consol die after having made five annual payments, his estate would realize $13,000; after 10 payments, $16,000, and so on.

At the selected period of maturity the consol may be either terminated or continued at the option of the holder, as follows:

1. Settled for its face value and its share of the company's profits to the date of surrender, the holder thereafter receiving a reduced income for life.
2. Retained to be cashed at the death of the owner. In the meantime it will produce an annual income of 6 per cent., besides participating in the company's regular dividends.

The accumulated profits will be paid in cash at the maturity of the consol, and annually thereafter, or may be applied to increase the estate and life income.

The chief advantages of these consols over other forms of investment are:

1. The creation of an immediate estate by the payment of a comparatively small sum.
2. Acquirement of a safe and certain income for the later years of life.
3. Reasonable cost considering the character of the security furnished.
4. Freedom from risk of loss and from taxes.
5. The payment of three instalments secures to the owner an estate and income for proportionate amounts.

The character and standing of the company offering these securities are well known, both in the United States and abroad.

At the beginning of this year it had a business on its books of 565 million dollars.

It had cash assets of 136 million dollars.

The Mutual Life Consols will be issued in a variety of forms to suit individual preferences.

Further particulars, prices, and estimates will be cheerfully furnished on application to the Company's nearest agency.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,

TRADE-MARK.

305 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE ORIGINAL RÉCAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS.

RÉCAMIER CREAM,	For Tan, Sunburn, or Pimples.
RÉCAMIER LOTION,	For Removing Moth and Freckles.
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Famous all over the world as the best and most efficacious compounds ever manufactured for sale; used and endorsed by the most beautiful women of every country.

Voluntary Testimonials from Mesdames ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI, LANGTRY, MODJESKA, BERNHARDT, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, POTTER, and thousands of others.

Sold by Dealers in Toilet Articles throughout the United States and Canada.

ALSO

CONCENTRATED ODORS FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Scented Waters, Sachet Powders, Dentifrices.
Manicure Goods and Objects of Art for the Toilet Table in Silver, Rare Porcelain, Ivory, etc.
Sachets for Bureau Drawers, Skirts and Bodices of Gowns, Closet Linings, Household and Personal Linen.

Every Requisite and Luxurious Appointment of a Gentlewoman's Toilet.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Just received, and our own importation, the most beautiful and artistic goods of their kind ever brought to this country, including a collection of English Coalport China in exquisite colors and forms, unique, and artistic as Holiday Gifts.

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IMPERIAL FINE MUSLIN

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PRIDE of the WEST BLEACHED MUSLIN.

This brand is highly recommended for shirts, as it possesses great fineness, durability, and strength. For a dress shirt it has no equal. In ordering shirts, insist upon having this brand, and take no substitute.

This muslin is for sale by all leading wholesale and retail dry-goods dealers in the United States in 36, 41, and 45 inch widths.

Arnold Constable & Co

LACES.

Point Gaze, Point Applique,
AND
Duchesse Bridal Veils and Flounces.
Trimming Laces to match.
MOUSSELINE DE SOIE FLOUNCES
and All-Over Embroideries.
BLACK FLOUNCING & DRAPERY NETS.
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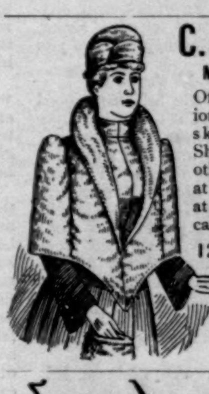

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MANUFACTURER,

Offers all leading fashionable styles in Sealskin garments, Fur Shoulder Capes, and other fashionable furs, at lowest possible prices at which reliable furs can be sold.

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THE POST CHAPLAIN.

(Continued from page 912.)

not yet gone, there was nothing but darkness, and the promise of lonely, unlovely night.

The rain descended with more noise and, as it seemed, with fiercer energy on the canvas roof of a wall tent, pitched by the brink of a sandy creek a few hundred yards away from the line of rails, and on the coverings of a government escort wagon and ambulance near by it.

The evening was closing in swiftly when a cavalry sergeant, lying rolled up in his blanket in a corner of the tent, yawned, stretched, and, jumping up, stepped over the sleeping forms of his companions, and looked out on the weather, then turned to those within:

"We're going to have a mighty rough time of it, fellows, getting to Olden's ranch this evening. What say, Hermann?"

Hermann, the ambulance driver, raised his eyes from the corn feed he had been giving the mules, and glanced at the sun-embrowned face of the sergeant, and then along the dim brown trail.

"Rough! you bet! The road's nigh two feet in mud, and Bullet Creek 'll be jest a-roarin'. What's the orders, sarge?"

"Why, to push on. The paymaster—it's old Price—always wants to camp at Olden's the first night. He won't stop at the depot if he can help it. Besides, we must try and make Blackwater to-morrow anyway. You know what those fellows at the depot are talking about? Would you mention it to Price, Hermann, or do you think it's all wind?"

"Mention it? Why, cert. Then he can't say he wasn't warned; and it takes some of the responsibility off you."

The sergeant looked thoughtfully along the trail. "It's queer we didn't hear anything of them at Olden's as we came along. However, I'll speak to the major. Are you armed, Hermann?"

"Got a Winchester under the seat."

The distant clang of the bell announced the arrival of the train. The depot employés streamed out on the platform. The soldiers hastily pulled down the tent, and packed it with their bundles in the wagon. The two teamsters proceeded to harness the mules, and the sergeant, calling Healy, went quickly toward the depot. Major Price, a stout soldier of years and service, stepped from the carriage, followed immediately by his faithful clerk. Up went the sergeant's hand to his cap in prompt salute, as the red-faced major turned toward the familiar uniform.

"I report from Fort Wilton, sir, in charge of paymaster's escort."

"Very well, sergeant. Ah, it's you, Edwards. Glad to see you. The train's late. Can we make Olden's to-night? The trail must be in a bad condition."

"The trail's very bad, sir, but if we can cross Bullet Creek we can make it."

"How are the mules?"

"Fresh and fed, sir."

"Then we'll pull out right away. Come along, Mellon. Sergeant, catch on to my box with your man there. It does you good to see it every two months, doesn't it? If it's too heavy, get another man."

"Heavy is it, sor?" said Private Healy, grasping at the opportunity to join in the conversation. "If it was twoict as heavy I could carry it, so I could, wid thinkin' how the boys is waitin' for it, so they are."

The paymaster laughed, and Healy shouldered the precious box, holding within it two months' pay for several hundred men, and they proceeded to the ambulance. The young sergeant took the opportunity to speak to Major Price as they moved along.

"It might be better, sir, to make Blackwater before dark to-morrow. There's that uphill stretch at the Windy Bluff—a nasty place."

"Hallo, sergeant," cried the major, turning on him. "What's the matter now? Is there going to be trouble?"

"I hardly think so myself, sir; but the men at the depot are talking about Tex being seen around here last week, with two or three more tough cases. Tex had to jump the Territory last fall, sir, and—what's brought him back?"

"So you think they might want our little box? Well, we'll try and get to Blackwater early. What sort of men are with you?"

"Very good, sir. Healy and Brown, and Biederschaft, and some others."

"Keep a good lookout, then, and don't let the escort wagon get too far behind the ambulance."

Healy deposited the box in the ambulance, and the paymaster made ready to jump in.

"Good Lord, Mellon!" he cried, stepping back and turning to his clerk. "What are you thinking of? You've forgotten him."

"Whom? What?"

"Why, the chaplain. What 'll he think of us? Healy, run back to the depot, and bring him here with his portmanteau."

"Bring whom?"

"Why, the chaplain for Fort Wilton. I promised to take him on. Run now. What 'll he think, Mellon, of your running away like that?"

"Well, really, sir, he was so quiet and retiring that I forgot all about him hours ago. I understood you were entertaining him."

The major laughed. "Till I found, in the middle of a skirmish I was telling him about, that his eyes were out of the window, and his thoughts—Lord knows where. But that's no excuse for forgetting him. Here he is. Chaplain, a thousand pardons. In my anxiety for my little box I overlooked your absence. Come, jump in. Is that you, Hermann? Be careful when you get to Bullet Creek. Now, then, off with you."

The emaciated form of the young minister who was going out to Fort Wilton paused at the step of the ambulance. The heavy rain beat on his face. The darkness was closing in around him. He looked on the landscape with a suppressed shiver, and his thin face trembled as he slowly climbed in after the major, and was followed by the clerk.

"I don't think you are well, chaplain," said the hearty and well-meaning paymaster. "Take a pull from this flask." But the chaplain declined.

"Well, well, it is a disagreeable introduction to a life on the plains. Infernal weather, certainly, but we'll show you better soon, and lots of life with it. Then you'll begin to forget the old life back East, and begin a new career in the West."

"I wish I could! Oh! I wish to God I could!" cried the young chaplain, suddenly, in a broken voice, and raised his hand to his eyes.

The startled paymaster looked much disturbed. "I'm sure, my dear sir," he began, hesitatingly, "I never meant—I didn't think—doubtless a painful subject—loss of relatives, eh? Perhaps close ties? Very foolish of me. Beg pardon, I'm sure—a thousand apologies."

The chaplain made no reply, but remained silent in his corner for the remainder of the stage. The perplexed major sipped from his flask and tried to sleep. The rain continued. The mules, with much splashing and plunging, dashed through the dangers of Bullet Creek, and the party gladly sought the refuge of Olden's ranch for the night. Resisting all polite entreaties to supper and a hot toddy, the chaplain retired immediately to his room.

Private Healy, the only one of the escort who had had a chance to see him, was much exercised in his mind concerning the minister, and delivered his opinions freely to Sergeant Edwards and the other men over his last pipe before turning in.

"Thin, is it? He could crawl through the fence of the cimetery, so he could, and he looks as if he had escaped that way, anyhow. And the eyes of him! He's off his base, so he is, or else he's a janius. Nobody but janiuses and loonattics has the likes of them eyes. And he's pale as Mother Wiedenscamp's white cat, and looks as timid and frightened as a girl, savin' the queer look in his eyes. An' sure if he was at a wake, the divil himself couldn't tell which was the carpse, so he couldn't."

The early morning found the escort on the move, Major Price and his clerk, Sergeant Edwards and his squad, busy, active, and full of energy and life, the chaplain by contrast with them as taciturn, melancholy, and retiring as before. He seemed, the major thought, ashamed of his somewhat hysterical outbreak of the previous evening, and came from his room only at the last moment, drank a cup of coffee, and took his place in the ambulance with a haste which seemed to argue a dislike to being the object of any observation at all. The major did his best, for his own sake, being a loquacious and sociable being, as well as for the young chaplain's, to interest him in the country and its history; but though his listener made some weak attempts to respond to the cordiality and hearty friendliness of the paymaster, the major's best stories fell flat, his skirmishes were unexciting, his buffalo hunt a failure, and his big poker game a feeble fizzle. So the worthy soldier fell back in his corner and sipped from his flask in silence, and puffed at his cigar, with an occasional queerulous glance at the silent and abstracted chaplain.

Only once, when they were resting and lunching at mid-day, did the post chaplain evince any interest in his companions and surroundings. At a little distance from where the officers sat, Edwards and his men had boiled themselves some coffee, and were enjoying that with some hardtack. The lithe, athletic figure of the young sergeant stood out clearly against the white background of the wagon covering, although his face was turned from the officers. Something about him attracted the chaplain's attention, and he inquired about him of the major, but soon the paymaster, remembering the advisability of reaching Blackwater by dark, formed his little command again, the chaplain took his seat in the corner of the ambulance, and the sergeant was apparently forgotten. Over the dull, damp waste, up to their fetlocks in mud, and toiling incessantly, the stolid, patient mules dragged their burdens. The heavy sky again let loose its stores of waters. Thick black clouds rolled up in sullen, threatening vindictiveness. Some hours before sunset it became too dark within the ambulance to read the newspaper of the day before, to which the major in his *ennui* resorted, and everything promised another wet and comfortless night. Hermann, soaking wet and with shining red face, turned toward the occupants of the interior.

"Windy Bluff," he remarked, curtly.

"So soon?" said the major. "Make a short halt, Hermann, and let the escort wagon close up."

For a few minutes they waited, and then the wagon rattled up behind. The paymaster leaned out in the rain, and eyed the narrow winding pass ahead, across the bluff between them and the Blackwater.

"Can't see anything, of course, and probably there is nothing, but we will take some precautions anyhow. Are your belts full of ammunition, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many men?"

"Eight, and the two teamsters, with their Winchesters."

The chaplain started, paled, and leaned unnoticed toward the speaker.

"Deploy your men on either side of the road, about thirty yards off the trail. Keep the escort wagon close to us. Remember, if there *is* any trouble, the box is your first care."

"Very good, sir."

The major dived into a valise, as did his clerk, and was about to hunt up his revolver, when he felt his arm rudely seized, and turning, his eyes met those of the post chaplain's, wide open, staring, the face deathly pale, the lips trembling.

"Who is he? What did he say?"

The major shook him off a little impatiently. "My dear sir, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Do please control your nerves. They are a disadvantage to any one out here."

But the chaplain grasped his arm again. "Was *that* Sergeant Edwards?"

"Certainly it was."

"Too late to find him now. Too late for her and him. What shall I be able to tell him?"

"Oh, hang it, chaplain," the major burst out, in a paroxysm of bewilderment and annoyance. "What on earth is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

The chaplain did not reply. The paymaster shook his head at the clerk, and sighed pityingly. The clerk tapped his forehead with sufficient significance. They both examined their revolvers, and the ambulance rolled slowly on up the steep pass. The rain fell more and more violently; it became very dark, and a peal of thunder rumbled over the plains. The soldiers trudged heavily through the mud, in advance and on either side of the team, narrowly watching the turns of the trail as it wound upward, and the rocky shelters on either hand. Now and then those in the vehicle heard the voice of the sergeant as he spoke to his men, warning one of a ravine at his side, admonishing another not to get too far in advance. As they neared the head of the narrow pass a bright flash of lightning lit up the plain. Almost immediately a tremendous peal of thunder rolled and reverberated amongst the rocks and ravines. A sharper report, drowned in the greater uproar, resounded behind a little clump of cotton-wood on the summit of the bluff, and Hermann, the teamster, rose to his feet, dropping the lines, then reeled, and fell backward within the ambulance. In an instant there was a cry amongst the men on foot, as four or five figures showed at the head of the pass and commenced firing. Down dropped the soldiers on the ground, or kneeling behind a rock, or stooping behind a tree, and returned the fire, little needing the sharp command of the sergeant, or the encouraging shout of the paymaster. No sooner did the crack of the rifle sound in the major's ears, and the senseless form of the teamster tumble in on him, than, with agility little to be expected in one of his age and size, he clambered up to Hermann's seat, seized the loose reins, brought the plunging mules back on the trail, and with set teeth headed them up to the top of the bluff a few yards away. The clerk would have jumped out to join in the fight with his revolver, but the paymaster sternly motioned him back.

"Sit still, you, and mind that money chest; the soldiers will attend to the rest. Sit on it, glue to it, and shoot the first man that touches you."

As they bounded off on the full gallop, another shot struck one of the leaders, and brought him to the ground in a heap. A uniformed figure leaped from behind a tree, with smoking rifle still in hand, jerked a hunting-knife from its sheath, and slashed once, twice, thrice amongst the mules. In a moment the dead mule lay behind, and with a wild cheer the reeling, bumping, leaping ambulance was tearing away, amidst a shower of envious bullets, down the other side of the bluff to Blackwater and safety, with the jubilant major at the helm.

Reaching the little ranch, saloon, and blacksmith's shop which formed the settlement beside the creek, the major, after seeing to the safety of his treasure, was about to start on horseback, with a party of citizens, to the aid of the soldiers, when the escort wagon itself appeared out of the rain and mist, and the steaming, frightened mules halted in front of the porch.

"Any one hurt?" cried the major, rushing forward.

"Sure an' Edwards is kilt, sor, so he is!" replied the obtrusive Healy, anxious to tell all about it. "But oi've saved the body for yez, so oi have, major, an' it's jest sleepin' ye'd think he was."

A deep groan behind him made the paymaster jump. The chaplain, totally forgotten in the excitement, staggered against him and dropped to the ground.

"Oh, hang it!" cried the major. "Carry him into the house, somebody; he's worse than a girl. Let me see Edwards, Healy. If he's dead, the service has lost the best non-com. I ever saw in it. That's just like the hasty ass you are, man," he soon added, after examining the sergeant's body. "He's no more dead than you are. The bullet has glanced off this bone in his head, and merely stunned him; mighty close, though. Carry him out of the rain; carefully now. We'll soon have him to, and I'll wager he's not as much the worse for it as the chaplain from his fright."

II.

The post library, which, in the absence of a regular building, also served as a chapel, was filled, as usual on a Sunday evening, with a miscellaneous congregation of officers, with their wives and children, enlisted men, and citizens about the post. It was a few weeks after the chaplain's arrival at the post. The pale preacher proceeded with the earlier part of the service in the low-voiced manner which was so much against his popularity, and lifted up his shifting, uncertain eyes to the people as he began his discourse. He spoke a few words, hesitated, stammered, and almost broke down. Sergeant Edwards, out from the hospital ward for the first time, sat at the back of the hall, his face turned to the preacher, his eyes alight with pleased surprise, and his cheek flushed with an unexpected pleasure.

The chaplain's effort to continue and bring the service to its natural end was so obviously a painful one that most of the congregation observed it, remarking the nervous trembling of his fingers, the confusion of his words, the change of color on his face. The sergeant, however, at the back of the hall, after the first intimation of his surprise and pleasure, leaned back in his seat, his head bowed down on his breast, and remained thus, thoughtful and unobservant, during the service, save for an occasional quick and searching glance at the preacher. The evening task painfully finished, the chaplain hastened to slip out, evading the kindly inquiries of a few ladies who would have ministered to his health had he not abruptly excused himself. Seeking the friendly shadow of the surrounding quarters, and avoiding the bright moonlit breadth of the parade-ground, dotted with groups of returning worshippers and strolling soldiers, he glided, shrouded in a long overcoat and a broad soft hat, with nervous haste, to his lonely quarters. Once arrived there, he motioned his colored servant not to trouble him, slipped into his study, and sank into a chair. The woman knocked, and asked, with concern, if he would not eat, and if he would have the lamp lit. He answered, "No," and again told her that he would not be disturbed. Then he sat still in the dark, waiting. Soon he heard a quick, firm step on the board walk in front of the house. Without a pause, it swung off the walk and ascended the porch. The chaplain trembled in his chair. His hands were cold and damp. He rubbed the palms nervously on the arms of the seat. He heard a knock at the door, and a few words pass between the visitor and his servant, but he did not yet move. The colored woman came to his door, knocked, and in a reluctant voice said that Sergeant Edwards wanted to see the chaplain.

"I told him you were not to be disturbed, but he says he is sure you will see him."

"Show him in here," said the chaplain, but in so low a voice that he had to repeat the words before the woman could understand him.

The room was lighted only by the moon shining through the windows. The door opened and closed, and Edwards saw the form of the chaplain leaning back, almost crouching, against the further wall. The sergeant stood, hesitating, with one hand partially extended.

"Bob! Dear old Bob! You are not ashamed of me, are you? Will you not own me? For the sake of old times, Bob, old fellow!"

A groan or a sob sounded through the stillness of the room, but the chaplain did not move. The sergeant raised his hand and stepped toward his brother.

"I swear by all sacred things, Bob, I am innocent! I never did it! I'm not a liar, Bob; *you* know I never was. I swear it! I never did it, Bob!"

"I—know—it."

"I knew *you* would believe me! I knew *you* never believed I did it! God bless you, Bob!"

The sergeant grasped his trembling brother's hand, and threw the other arm round his neck; but the chaplain shrank from him, and shivered.

"I hardly thought I should ever see you again," said the sergeant. "This is like old times back at home, Bob. When we were little fellows, and had had a quarrel, you used to sit beside me just so, and we would make up."

"And I was always the one in fault."

"I wish the troubles now could be as easily wiped away and forgotten as those of our boyish days, old fellow. Now tell me all about the folks and yourself. You were only a student when I saw you last; now you are a full-fledged clergyman. But who would have thought to see *you* out on these wilds?"

The chaplain pressed his brother's hand more closely between his own, drawing it to him, as if he feared it would soon be withdrawn altogether, and he wished to elude the inevitable as long as possible. "Tell me about yourself first," he said. "Was there nothing better than this?"

"For a man hunted from home? Who

would employ me? What could I do? I was glad to take a new name, and enlist. The farther away I got from the old home, the better for me. Besides, I am doing well. I enlisted four years ago. The life suits me. My education is in my favor. I am studying now, by my captain's advice, for a commission, and I sometimes am happy, when I forget. That is all my history, Bob, since we parted. Now for yours. First of all—above and before everything else—have they found the thief? Who stole that money?"

The hands of the chaplain, released from their grip as the sergeant stood up and faced him anxiously, sank by his sides. His head dropped and his gaze sought the floor.

The sergeant waited a minute, then turned to the window, with his back toward his brother. "A curse upon him—God's curse upon him—whoever it was!" he cried. "I could bear the separation from them all, if need be, but I cannot bear that they should think me a cowardly thief."

The chaplain shivered, but answered nothing.

"I know I had been wild, foolish, extravagant, wicked, if you like. I know I had taxed the old man's patience. I know that I had run into debt. I am willing to suffer for my folly; of crime I swear I was never guilty."

The sergeant paused, with a sob in his voice, and the chaplain sat still, and made no answer.

"I have lain awake whole nights in the tent; I have ridden all day over the prairie without seeing where my horse stepped, thinking, puzzling all the time, wondering who it could have been. There were only us four had access to the money—the old man, Rogers the clerk, you, and myself. No wonder they blamed me; Rogers and you were above suspicion."

He leaned his hands on the sash and rested his forehead on them. The chaplain did not move, did not make any motion to comfort him, but his wild, frightened eyes were slowly lifted up until they rested on his brother wistfully.

"You believed in me then, Bob?" the sergeant said, with a sad smile, as he turned round again to his brother. "That was like you, but you knew me better than any of them. If my mother was living she would believe in me too. Father was angry and disappointed. He was in a mood to think ill of me. But Mary— Ah, Bob, I never dreamed she would believe it. How are they, old fellow? Have they forgotten me?"

The chaplain's voice was harsh and choking. He grasped the arms of his chair convulsively as he answered, "They — are — dead."

"My God! Dead—both—both of them!"

Edwards walked unsteadily to the window. The moonbeams rested lightly on his head, and, passing on, lit up the pallid face and wild eyes of the man crouching in the chair.

"How long?" said Edwards.

"Father died soon after. Mary only a year ago."

"Mary — my little sweetheart — even as babies — at school — my poor Mary — dead! and I was not there. Did she never speak of me? Did she always think me guilty?"

The perspiration stood on the chaplain's brow in big drops. His emaciated hands gripped the sides of the chair. His voice was low and husky. "Yes, she spoke of you at the last, and before that. She knew she was dying for some time before it happened. Dick, she told me to try and find you again, and—and give you her last love."

"God bless her! Then she did not credit it? But you said the thief had not been found?"

The chaplain's lips quivered convulsively as he spoke again. "I did not say so. He is known now only to one person. Mary knew him too, but she is dead."

Edwards sprang to his side with a bound.

"His name—name him! By Heaven, I'll kill him! Do you know what he has done, Bob? He has ruined my life—thrown me out, disgraced, from my home, to take a false name, and follow a hopeless life. He has hastened our poor old dad's death. He has killed my sweetheart; I know it. Mary would have lived for me. Name him, Bob! The thief! the murderer!"

His hands were gripping his brother's shoulders with ferocious energy; his eyes were glaring into the other's frightened eyes. The fear in them brought him to his senses.

"I am foolish. I am frightening you, Bob. But you don't know what I have suffered. Besides, you are sick. I noticed it at church. Sit down and tell me quietly. I will not say a word, but tell me everything."

The sergeant resumed his place by the window, looking out at the parade-ground, but seeing nothing. The chaplain stood in a dark corner of the room and slowly commenced:

"Mary knew of your innocence some time before she died, Dick. Something came to her knowledge which led her to think that not you, but one a close friend of your own, was the—the criminal; one quite unsuspected at the time."

"I had so many friends, Bob. Who was it?"

"Wait. He had known you for a long time and loved you, I think—honestly loved you—but he loved some one much more. He was your rival. He loved Mary. He, like you, had known her from a child. He had never, though, like you, mentioned his love. When, as the years passed, he felt your regard was returned, he grew morose, hopeless, desperate. Perhaps he had never had the firmness and manliness that you and others had. The manliness to accept defeat, and the generosity to acknowledge a rival's success. He knows that now. He was carried away by his passions then, and felt he would stop at nothing. He did not stop—even at crime."

"Curse him! Bob, Bob, do not torture me. Tell me his name."

"He thought," the chaplain continued, hidden in the dark, with hollow voice and slow, labored expression, as though every sentence cut into his own shrinking nerves—"he thought that if you were gone, Mary might in time forget you, and learn to find consolation in his presence. That is all, Dick. He worked the evil — cunningly worked it. The result was—what we all know."

"His name, Bob? Tell me his name."

"When he found how all his efforts, all his crimes were in vain, after all; when he found that Mary was pining away from shame and sorrow, he nearly went mad. From his own actions, she said, and his own delirious words, Mary suspected the truth, and taxed him with it when she was dying. She forgave him, but bade him not to rest until you were found, your name cleared, and you were able to return to your old home and friends. He tried to find you. When Mary died, and he realized his crime and its effects, he was crazed with grief, and ill for a long time. They tell him, Dick, he is a dying man, and even if he lives his brain may give way. He knows that himself. He wants to meet you to ask your forgiveness."

"Forgive! I! Who is he? Tell me his name."

"He feels he cannot repair the harm his passions have caused. He is dying. Dick, can you not, for Mary's sake, forgive him?"

"Forgive ——! Tell me his name."

Edwards had turned from the window and stood in the centre of the room. His face was misshapen with grief and rage. His fingers opened and closed convulsively. The chaplain slowly stepped toward him, and raised his eyes to meet his brother's. In them Edwards read the truth, and fell back, stunned. But the next moment he leaped on the chaplain, and grasped his throat, and they fell on the floor together.

"You cur!" Edwards cried, hoarsely, "I would kill you if you were closer than a brother. You dared to stand up to-night and preach Christ's words to honest men—you, a murderer and thief! God knows *this* is not murder. This is His own justice!"

The chaplain's tongue protruded. His brother's knee pressed on his chest and stopped his breath. His head swam, and he tried to pray. Suddenly, out in the open, there rang out the shrill clear notes of the bugle. Again and again, distinct though hurried, the call rang through the post. It struck upon the ear of the trained soldier, and checked his hand with the promptness of a word of command. His grasp relaxed, and he rose to his feet. The bugler on the parade-ground again sent the call vibrating through the night. It was "Boots and Saddles." The cavalryman turned and sped out of the house, but the chaplain lay panting and sobbing.

III.

The setting sun, three evenings afterward, cast its parting beams on a little party of soldiers beset by a band of hostile Indians. On the brink of a creek whose sandy banks shelved abruptly to the stream the detachment had made a stand. A couple of ammunition wagons that they had escorted thus far formed a slight barrier to their foes, and between them and the river such of their mules and horses as had not been shot in the intermittent action of the two long sultry days were sheltered. In a couple of hastily formed rifle-pits a few yards in advance of the barrier lay the wounded, dying, and exhausted soldiers, wearied with attack and defence, and weak from the uninterrupted rays of the pitiless sun. Three times that day had the little handful of cavalry charged desperately on the Indian band, coming back each time with fewer horses and fewer serviceable men. All day long had they rallied their energies to pour their volleys into the advancing line of shouting savages, till each time they saw that line come nearer to them, and each advance they feared would be the last. All day long they had gazed with praying hearts down the line of the creek, toward where, far beyond reach of their eyes, it joined the broader river, and longed for the sight of advancing troops, or the distant bugle call, to assure them that help was at hand. And now the Indians, sufferers too from the desperate defence of the white men, had drawn off to a distance, leaving their pickets stationed far out on the bluffs, and held a consultation.

In one of the pits a lieutenant of cavalry bound up the wounded arm of one of the defenders.

"It was undeniably plucky of you to join us, chaplain," he said; "though I wonder the colonel let you. You've been very useful, anyhow. There, I don't think I can do any more for the arm. How does it feel?"

The chaplain roused himself, as though he had not quite heard. "Thank you, thank you," he said. "That's quite comfortable."

He spoke to the lieutenant, but his eye rested, as it had rested all day, on Sergeant Edwards, lying impassively in the sand, cautiously watching the enemy's movements. The chaplain had exerted himself during the protracted fight, and to some purpose, earning the praise and surprised admiration of his companions, but he knew well himself that all he had done had been done with one view—to attract the attention of his brother, to earn from him one approving glance or one cordial touch. That never came. Nothing he could do brought that glance upon him, or made Edwards seem even aware of his presence, and bitterly the chaplain thought of school-days long ago, when his childish efforts were always sure of the highest award—the hearty encouragement of his hero and brother.

There were but few men in the command left wholly unhurt. Healy, with a broken thigh, had, at his own request, been propped up behind a mound of sand, where he could yet get an occasional shot at an Indian.

"I want jist wan shot at the blakyard what shot me—it's him wid the sojer's pants on, so it is—an' I'll die 'asy."

He had taken, in the freedom of intercourse arising from their common peril, the chaplain under his instruction and protection, having been greatly astonished at the clergyman's unexpected prowess. He had no artificial sense of delicacy in telling his protégé he had had a very different opinion of him, but, with evident appreciation of his own magnanimity, said that if he had at any time said anything derogatory to the chaplain, he would "take it all back."

The lieutenant also was wounded, and the majority of the men. In the pause occasioned by the cessation of the firing, the officer held counsel with them on a level of equality, which their position rendered natural.

"The column," he said, "must have passed the mouth of the creek, and not heard the firing. If so, they will camp to-night probably at Walnut Creek, ten miles below, and wait for us. That means our total destruction. We cannot last another day."

No one spoke. The situation seemed hopeless.

"If we had some means to let them know," said the lieutenant, hopelessly.

Edwards turned his eye from the Indians, and looked at his commanding officer.

"There is only one available horse," he said, "but that is Barney, mine, and the best in the troop, if not in the regiment. I am unhurt. If I can get out of here with ten or fifteen minutes' start of these devils, I might make the command in three or four hours, and help would be here by sunrise."

"An' how in blazes are you goin' to get away widout them fellers seein' you?" Healy asked.

And no one replied. The chaplain sat for a few minutes silent, with his face buried in his hands. When he spoke at last he was pale as death, but quite calm. He spoke to all, but his eye remained fixed on the sergeant, who lay in his former position, watching the Indians. The sun was disappearing behind the distant mountains. It was rapidly growing dark.

"It would be possible to distract their attention, would it not?—to keep them interested in an opposite direction to that in which the sergeant is going?"

"I don't know how," said the lieutenant. "All we could do would be to commence firing; but that would draw their attention."

Edwards never spoke, never looked at his brother.

"If the firing came from a new direction?" said the chaplain, patiently waiting for some recognition.

Edwards moved slightly, and seemed to listen, but neither spoke nor looked. The others stared at the clergyman, wondering, and Healy laughed.

"It 'll be made purty warm for them as does the firing," he said.

"I don't quite see what you are driving at, chaplain," said the lieutenant. "No man could get away from here to sufficient distance, draw their attention and fire, and get back in safety."

Something like a smile, but for the strange far-away light in the eyes, flickered for a moment on the chaplain's face.

"I said nothing about coming back," he replied. "Is it necessary for the success of Dick's—of Sergeant Edwards's—attempt that some such thing should be attempted?"

There was a long pause.

"If there is any one here who will undertake that risk—a fearful risk—and thus insure me ten or fifteen minutes' start, I will take the other, and if I can get past those videttes on the bluffs, I shall have a good chance to be with the command by midnight, and our lives are saved."

Edwards spoke to his comrades. His eye never sought his brother's. He seemed to ignore his presence altogether.

The hills behind them cast lengthening shadows over the plains. The sun was sinking rapidly behind them. The sky was ruddy red and gold. Above the purple and gray tops of the nearer hills rose the great peaks, their snow-covered summits tinged with pink. The glory would speedily fade. Would the light whose departure brought swift darkness and dismay take with it all hope?

"I am ready," said the chaplain, and his eyes at last left his brother, and rested on the hill-tops—"I am ready. I will go."

The men looked at each other, looked at the ground, looked anywhere but at him. Edwards rested both hands on the muzzle of his carbine, and glanced at the long-talking, gesticulating Indians. It was a ray of hope for the men in the pits. At any rate, it would be a relief for *them*.

Healy burst out blubbering. "No, you won't, chaplain," he cried. "Begab and begob, it's a shame, so it is. What's the likes of us to you, anyway. I'd do it myself, so I would, but it's meself as can't, do yez see? Don't yez do nothing foolish—don't yez now, chaplain."

The lieutenant took the chaplain's hand, with more real respect than he would that of his general. "I cannot prevent any volunteer doing anything which gives my whole command a good chance for their lives, chaplain," he said, with emotion, "but I beg you to think what you are doing. It is a great peril. It is almost certain death."

But the chaplain only pressed his hand, and still looking up at the summits of the hills, repeated, "I am ready."

Slowly, and through a constantly changing succession of wondrous tints and colors, the sun sailed through the golden gateways of its realm, and sank from sight. And now it would soon be dark. In the pit they crept up to him, even those with broken limbs, and sought a blessing from him. He glanced at his brother, flushed a little, and replied that he was unworthy; that he begged their prayers rather for him. He buckled round his waist a thimble-belt of ammunition, and took a carbine, and shook hands with them all. Then he stepped to the man he had wronged, and bent his head before him, but the soldiers saw with amazement that the sergeant turned from him.

The chaplain waited an instant, bent hastily, and just touched the sleeve of the soldier's blouse with his lips, and drew back. And now it was time. It was almost dark. The chaplain crawled on his belly out of the pit. Edwards crept out toward the wagons where stood his horse. The lieutenant and his men held themselves in readiness to pour a volley into the Indians should they become suspicious and charge. They waited with hearts beating, perhaps more with sympathy for the messenger bearing tidings of their peril than for him who crawled over the grass to a sure martyrdom. Why not? Their existence depended on the rider's safety. They trembled as they heard the slip of the horse's feet as he was cautiously led down the sandy bank of the creek. Their hearts jumped as they heard an Indian picket cry to a distant companion across the bluffs. Had they discovered him? No; all was quiet again. What could the chaplain be doing? Edwards must be waiting the sound of his firing to make a rush in the darkness past those cursed pickets. Would he never fire? Had his heart failed him? Was he even now creeping back on his belly to the pit? Darker and darker, and still those shouting, insulting savages close by in the night. For Heaven's sake, why don't they do something? Suddenly it came. A sharp report from far away on the right—one, two, three. Three shots in quick succession. He had kept his word. He was doing well. The shouting of the Indians had ceased. What would they do? More shots. Would he have sense to aim at all? The lieutenant ordered a wild volley into their midst, and what cheer and outcry they might find strength to make. Their videttes must hear that. They would think it was help arrived. What a yell! What a clatter of hoofs, charging up to the right—where *he* had gone! What was that dim figure riding through the darkness, alone, toward his companions? The vidette from the bluff! He must have been scared by the firing, and is riding in to join the band. Now is Edwards's chance! Pray God he is galloping down the creek to the broad river by this time, and the detachment is saved! And so the night wears slowly away, with distant yells, and Indians charging up to the pit and defying the soldiers in the shadows, and taunting them with what—held up in the moonlight? A ragged, matted, bleeding scalp, with hair the color of the post chaplain's.

When, with clashing sabres and smoking revolvers, the troopers had finished the pursuit of the next morning, when the wounded had been tended to and the exhausted strengthened, when the dead were being gathered for a rude but solemn burial, Edwards knelt by himself in a tent where lay the mutilated body of his brother in honored and guarded solitude, and kissed the pale and bruised cheeks, and whispered,

"Yes, for the sake of our boyhood."

"WHEN PHYLLIS PLAYS."

(RONDEAU.)

When Phyllis plays at close of day,
And hills and woods are clothed in gray,
While in the West a golden zone
Tells that the sun's short course is done,
And night comes on with short delay,
As shadows in the fire-light play,
Then steals my thought in dreams away,
And sweet Peace reigns and Care is gone—
When Phyllis plays.

The feathered choir in budding May,
The poet's song that wins the bay,
The song of camp, the organ's tone,
Holds not that spell which falls alone
At eve, as fades the sun's last ray—
When Phyllis plays.

Flavel Scott Mines.

DINNER IN THE STEERAGE OF A TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER.

Sorting out the grades and qualities of those who seek the United States, coming from abroad, it is to be asserted that this human freight as found in the vessels of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique is of a good kind. To-day the bulk of this steerage is made up of Italians, but there is a wide difference between the Piedmontese and Lombards and the Neapolitans and Sicilians. These first two are cleanly and not illiterate, and they bring with them some little means. Of the Swiss, they are among the best of our immigrants. They are, for the major part, brought up to a trade, in which they excel, or if agriculturists, are proficient in their calling. They are invariably industrious. French people do not come in quantity by any steamers, for France has Algeria for an adjacent colony, and Africa is only across the Mediterranean, a day's passage from Marseilles.

On these French steamers the provisions are ample and well cooked. The messes being divided into ten, the *menu* is as follows: Early in the morning a small glass of spirits, generally known as "Taffia," is distributed. The women and children have well-made condensed milk given them as a substitute for spirits. At seven o'clock, A.M., there is an early breakfast of coffee, bread, and butter, without any stint as to bread, which is regular bread, and not ship-biscuit. At 11 A.M. there is the regulation *déjeuné*, consisting of soup, a dish of meat, one of vegetables, all the bread the people can eat, and a quarter of a litre of sound red wine for each one. At 5 P.M. the dinner is served, and there is a dish of meat, one of vegetables, and always stewed fruit of some kind, with another quarter of a litre of wine. This certainly is ample and wholesome. First-class passengers, accustomed to the excellent food of their cabin table, often speak of the fine odors arising from the cook's galley, where the ragouts and the "haricot de mouton" for the steerage are prepared.

M. de Thulstrup has drawn a neat sketch of a dinner in the steerage in one of these French ships. You can see the nationalities. To the extreme right, they are people of German origin, and a mother is taking care of her children, the boy taking solid comfort out of a thick slice of bread-and-butter, an old man on the bench, who is eating his soup with a spoon, is the grandfather. The little girl with the blond plaits ought to be Swiss, as is her mother. He who looks into the bottom of his coffee-cup is a Frenchman, and the graceful figures alongside, of the same nationality. The waiter comes in with a huge tin in one hand, and with a kettle full of soup in the other.

There is, as Dr. Johnson said of that London brewery, potentiality in a steerage of this kind. It means the future of this country. No one there present can become President of the United States, for, as we well know, he must be born here; but the two boys Mr. de Thulstrup has put in his illustration may be our future statesmen—Senators or Governors.

Anyhow, it may be insisted upon that on board of these steamers the physical condition of these people on arrival is, for the major part, excellent. They have been well fed and cared for, and just something more, they have known how to care for themselves. Save, then, for table manners, which may not be exactly perfect, nine days or less passed in the steerage of one of these French steamers brings no real discomfort; and it has happened that many an American, starting in full feather for a foreign tour, having had his plumage plucked, has been very glad to return home again as a steerage passenger, and without loss of personal respect.

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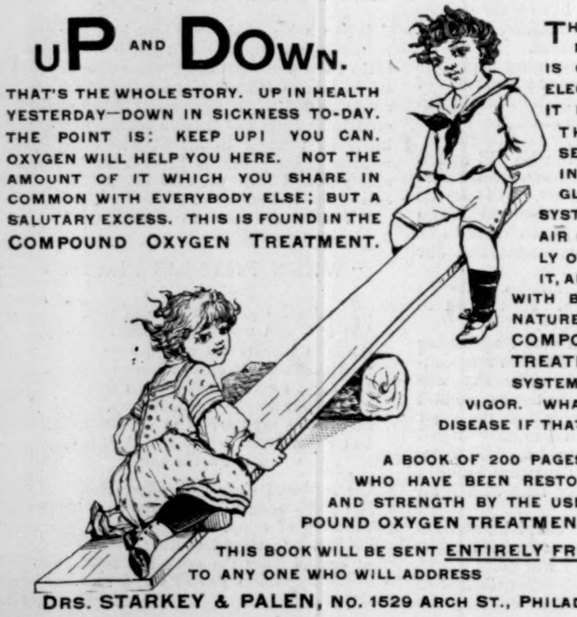

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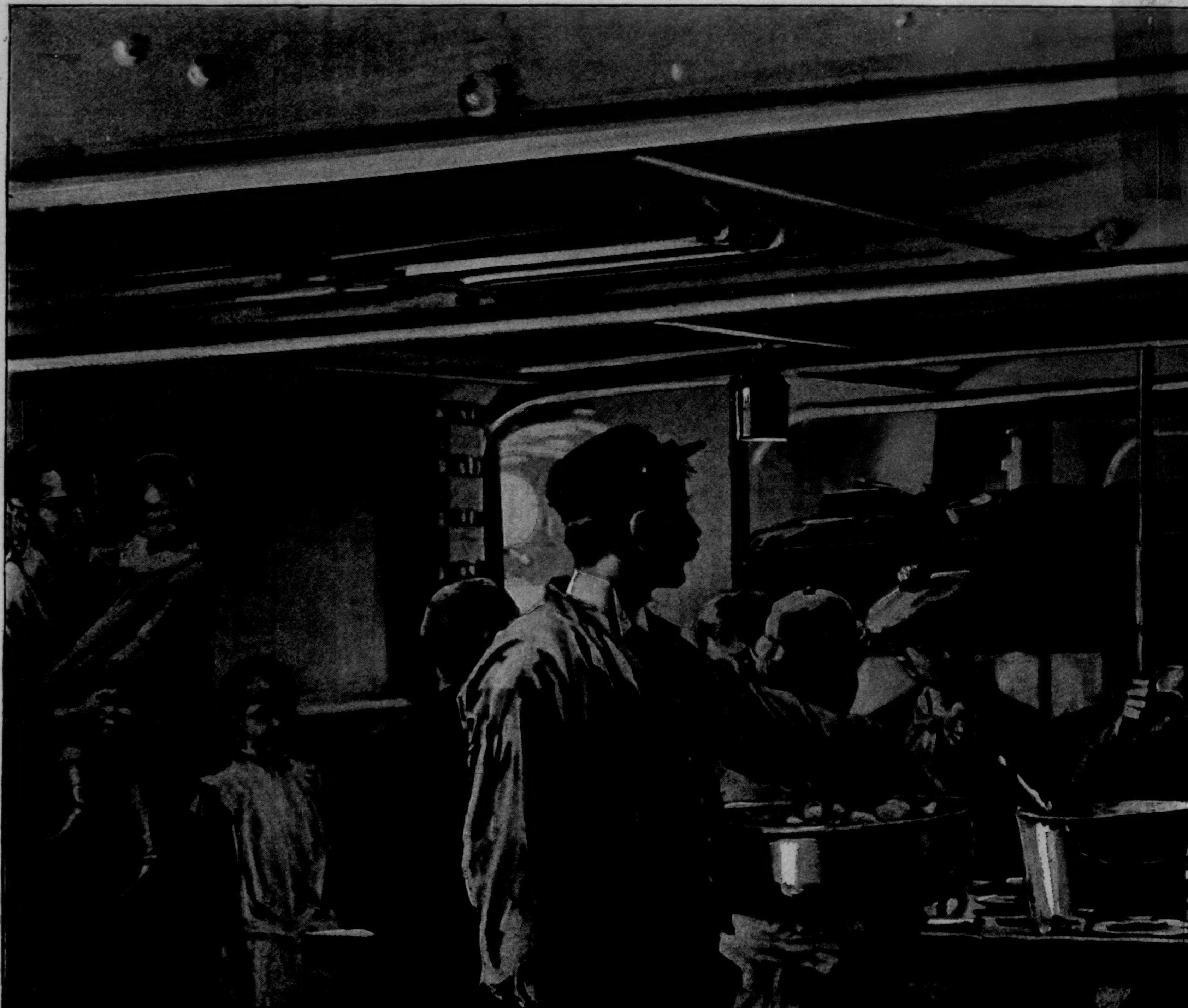

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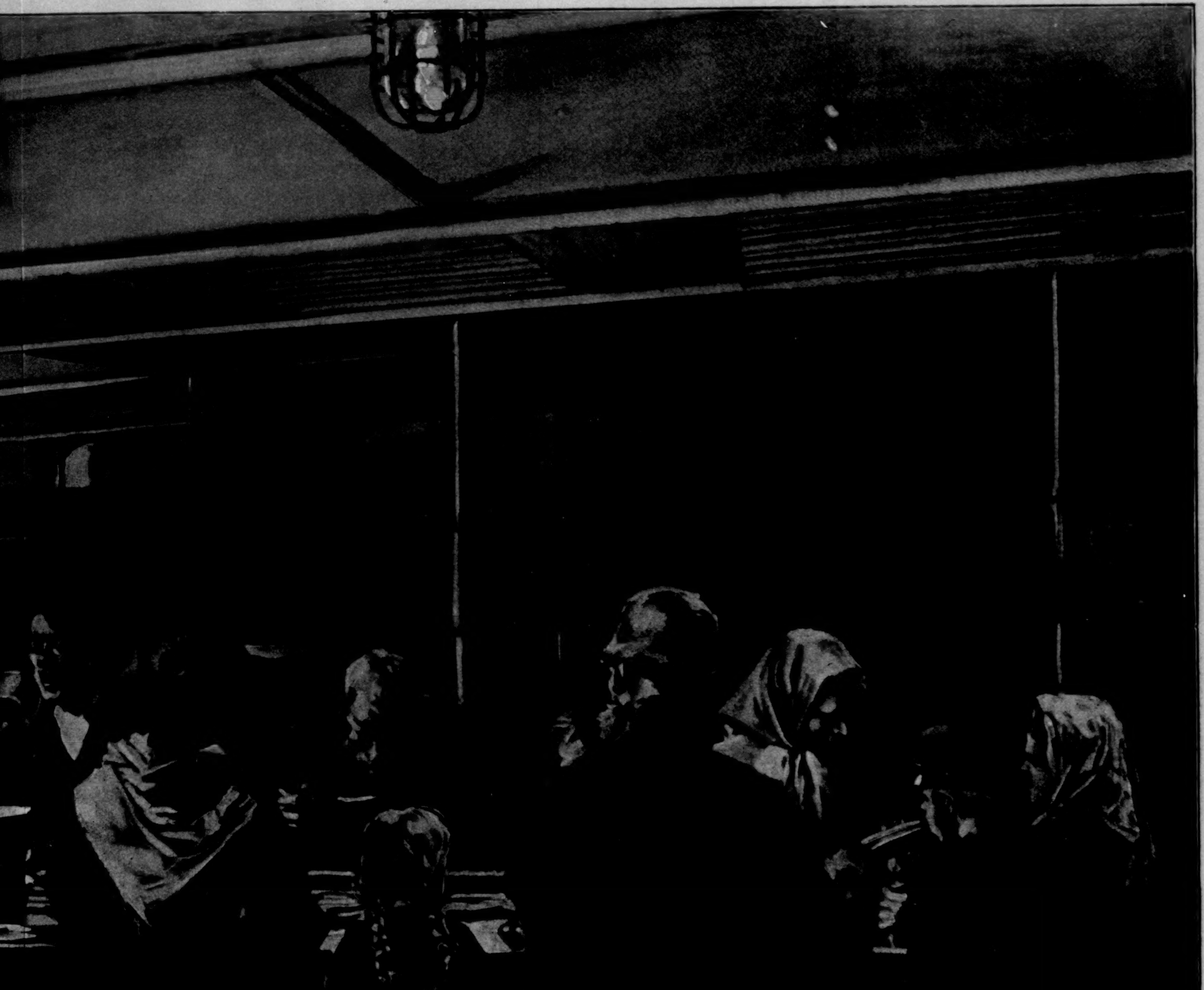

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